THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1925

Germany Cut in Two

BY

LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Langtry

Fear

BY

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Russia on the Rocks

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

April 18, 1925

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THIS WEEK

STEADY now; this is ticklish business. Is your hand shaky, your vision blurred? Better put this issue away for a bit. And whatever you do, keep it in a cool place. If you leave it behind the kitchen stove, we will not be responsible for the consequences.

❦ ❦ ❦

First of all comes *Ludovic Naudeau* with a heavy load of high-explosive war-talk. He has been to Danzig, had his passport stamped by four officials in succession, talked to the President of the Danzig Free State, argued with Poles and Germans, and found that both were quite right and quite irreconcilable. Two hundred thousand Kachoubs crowded into the Polish Corridor are making European peace-lovers toss in their sleep, and they certainly sound dangerous, even if we are not quite sure what they mean, or who they are, or why.

❦ ❦ ❦

Lenin and Nietzsche are names to conjure with in any madhouse. With only about half his brain in working order, old Vladimir Iliich — the Russian abbreviation for Lenin — raised more Cain than the whole half-dozen secondhand-clothes dealers who are now leaping around on the top of the Communist hog-pile. If this be heresy, read what *Nikolai Bukharin* says about the present officials in Moscow. Though a full-fledged Comrade and at least a half-brother in Lenin himself, he has written a regular Walpurgis Night description of modern Russia which is so illuminating that you will do well to put on smoked glasses before reading it, rather than take any chances with your eyes. The same optical equipment will also come in handy when you turn to *Stefan Zweig's* essay on Nietzsche. Here is an admirable example of emotional criticism, in which the critic flings himself without restraint into the spirit of his subject. We have got to a state — the sermon will be over soon — in which genuine enthusiasm is being ruled out by self-conscious judgment, and Mr. Zweig is a welcome relief from this all too serious cult. Of course the point is that the natural aristocrat, even in his emotions, is never banal, and — well, our wise modern youths are not complete fools. Here endeth the first lesson, the text of which is, 'Read "Nietzsche's Evensong."'

❦ ❦ ❦

A different kind of vigilance must be urged before we allow our readers to cross the threshold of the Macedonian harem in the highly respectable company of *Mr. Theodor Berkes* and his anonymous girl-friend. The institution of polygamy, as developed by the Turks, is fast dying out, and within a few years should be as obsolete as a tandem bicycle. There are, however, a couple of seraglios left — which means that there are still perhaps as many as one hundred women now living who are submissive, gentle, charming, and dumb. It is the prophecy of this department that our male readers will find their smoked glasses clouded with tears when they read this eloquent description of moribund customs, but that if their womenfolk beat them to it the offending pages will be ripped from the magazine and trampled under a pair of those ample, sensible sport-shoes which are so rapidly taking the place of the antiquated French heel.

❦ ❦ ❦

Among those who would not care for the institution of the harem are Mrs. Langtry and, we rather suspect, Mr. Gladstone. Reminiscences of these two celebrities from the pen of *J. E. C. Bodley* bring back the days when Lily Langtry was as much of a sensation as Jackie Coogan and the Prince of Wales are now.

❦ ❦ ❦

All good things must end — even the *Living Age* and the second column of that delightful This Week page (*adv.*). But after all the excitement you have been put to, what with crowded corridors, Kachoubs, Bolsheviki, harems, Nietzsche, Lenin, and the rest of it, — to say nothing of *Somerset Maugham's* short story, — the least we can do is to offer you the shelter of the Santa Clara Convent in the Philippines. It is a long trip, but worth the price.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 325—*APRIL 18, 1925*—NO. 4215

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

IMPENDING ELECTIONS IN EUROPE

SEVERAL new elections are pending in Europe: the final run-off for the German Presidency, a Parliamentary election in Belgium, a prospective polling of the same sort in Italy — and at the present moment the anticipated summoning of French voters to the ballot box to decide whether the shaken and discordant *Cartel des Gauches* or M. Millerand's reformed Bloc is to control the Government. The German Presidential election and the French Parliamentary election, if it occurs, are of most immediate importance.

We are only beginning to learn from Continental sources the detailed manœuvring that preceded the first German voting for President; but the Conservatives apparently had canvassed the situation aright, for they made desperate efforts to avoid a straight fight between Republicans and Monarchists, even going to the extent of offering to concentrate upon a Democratic candidate of Conservative sympathies in order to divide the vote of their opponents. The present attempt to bring the religious issue into the polling is a second device of the same kind. But if the Conservatives overcome the combined Republican majority shown at the polls on March 29 by this kind of appeal, they will have subordinated the question of a monarchy or a republic to an extraneous issue. An election won by these tactics will be tantamount to a deferred decision on the main point in dispute — and every such postponement in the present European conjuncture probably favors the perpetuation of Republican institutions.

M. Herriot's Cabinet has been sailing in stormy waters for some time. Political passions at Paris are intensely excited, and issues that can only be settled by conference and compromise have become bones of political contention around each of which there is an infuriated squabble. Last month the Chamber fell into a fury over the religious question and witnessed the wildest scenes during the past twenty-five years. As a result, one of the Clerical delegates — a marquis, by the way — was expelled from the session by force. Public finances show no sign of improvement. A battle is on between

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inflationists and anti-inflationists, and between Socialists demanding a capital levy — which means, in theory, making war fortunes pay war debts — and uncompromising defenders of not only the sanctity but also the privacy of private wealth. For the moment M. Caillaux seems to be standing in the background, though he may be posing in the spotlight long before these lines reach our readers. Altogether, the political and industrial situation in France seems at the moment to be deteriorating in about the same degree as the situation in Germany is improving. Perhaps we shall not see marked progress in Europe until a happy accident of political and economic meteorology causes the barometer to rise simultaneously in both countries.

*

IS THE PROTOCOL DEAD?

AFTER hurriedly summoning the undertaker, the mourners at the funeral of the Protocol apparently hope that it may not be dead after all. At least that is the reaction in a section of the British and the European press. So intent were the reporters of the Geneva proceedings upon Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech — which, by the way, is rumored to have been written by Lord Balfour, and certainly suggests his style — that we heard very little of what was said in the Protocol's defense. M. Briand, speaking for France, and Dr. Benes, echoing him for Czechoslovakia, both indicated that their respective countries proposed to resume a discussion of the subject later. The Spanish delegate stated that his Government stood pat on the Protocol. The two Latin Americans present, while less specific, seem to be sympathetic with that attitude. Japan, Sweden, and Italy were noncommittal.

Meanwhile in Great Britain Ramsay MacDonald makes a Party issue of the Protocol and asserts that the present Cabinet has rejected it simply because it was a Labor achievement. The *Spectator* cautiously observes: 'To all outward seeming the Protocol is dead. We put it thus guardedly because it is not always possible to say at what exact moment death has occurred, nor, indeed, is it easy to define death. . . . The British Empire has rejected it, and believes that it is really dead, but M. Herriot and M. Briand believe that life can be restored to it, and have actually expressed their intention of applying artificial respiration at the meeting of the League in September. For our part, we can go so far with the French statesmen as to say that probably parts of the Protocol — at least some of its definitions — will be revived.'

On the other hand, the *New Statesman*, which has turned ultra-Tory on this issue, declares: 'Great Britain and the Dominions have definitely rejected it, Italy concurs, and no one pretends that there is any chance of Japan accepting. Is it really worth while, in such circumstances, to try to talk cold mutton back into frisky lamb?'

Corriere della Sera points out that after the defeat of the Protocol 'there is no reason to suppose that it will be easy to agree on special alliances.' As for the Versailles Treaty, which France would preserve inviolate, no such agreement 'is fixed and final for all time; if it were, practically every treaty would end in a new war. The essential thing is to provide for an eventual modification of treaties without a rupture of amicable relations.' Pending an opportunity to resume the discussion of the Protocol with better chances of success, this journal advocates a security pact including England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and perhaps Poland and Czechoslovakia. If this could be brought about, 'all Europe would

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have attained the substance of unity and would at last be able to settle down with the sense of safety indispensable for any real economic recovery.'

Naturally the press of Switzerland, a country which owes its very existence to a sort of Protocol, refuses to believe that the Geneva Pact is dead. *Journal de Genève* protests that when the English begin to imagine things they have a terrible time of it. Ask your phlegmatic Britisher what he thinks of the Protocol and his morbid imagination at once begins to boil. 'He discovers the most extraordinary and unbelievable possibilities. . . . He pictures the British fleet in dire peril. Before his terrified eyes the responsibilities of the British Empire swell to apocalyptic dimensions.' He refuses to see the even greater possibilities of peril in another world-conflagration, and persists in conceiving his country as a placid oasis of verdure in the midst of a storm-wrecked world. What is to be the result? 'Britain will come back to the Protocol or something similar. That is inevitable. She will liberate herself from the tutelage of her Dominions, which will eventually become intolerable, and we shall hear Mr. Chamberlain again, better informed than this time, read a speech that will not have been penned by Lord Balfour.'

Neue Zürcher Zeitung's Geneva correspondent less picturesquely describes the situation as follows: —

> The setback is painful. Last September the birth of the Geneva Protocol was greeted here as a well-calculated effort to solve the cardinal issue of security, not by the dangerous device of military alliances and special treaties, but upon a basis of compulsory arbitration. MacDonald's stirring speech endorsing this plan and Herriot's equally eloquent advocacy the following day still echo in our ears. At that moment something really new seemed to have issued out of high diplomacy, for the responsible representatives of two Great Powers made public profession of their belief in the only principle that offers any practical possibility of the peaceful settlement of unavoidable controversies and the abolition of war. . . . But a rude spring frost has blighted this promising programme.

This correspondent interprets Great Britain's manœuvres at Geneva as a recurrence of her old device of making some other fellow do her work for her. Instead of guaranteeing France security herself, she now proposes to get Germany to do the job.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, which represents Conservative industrial interests of the Stinnes type, fairly gloats over the 'irrefutable logic and frequent shafts of biting sarcasm — which are said to have had a crushing effect upon the French delegation — with which Chamberlain fought over the English thesis.' *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which stands at the opposite pole of Germany's bourgeois press world from the journal just quoted, likewise sees much sense in Chamberlain's objection to the Protocol. Unless the United States is a party to that agreement, it is not worth much. Furthermore, the English nation can hardly be expected honestly to pledge the support of its army and navy in a possible war to defend political boundaries or to impose political sanctions on other nations which the moral instincts of the people disapprove. But there were other considerations lurking in Chamberlain's mind which he did not put into his address. In conversing with a party of journalists at his hotel, he pointed out that England, whose territories were coterminous in many places with those of countries having a very different and a lower-grade civilization, could not possibly bind herself to submit every dispute with her neighbors to an international court of justice. 'When he said that, Chamberlain was surely thinking of Egypt, although

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that country is not yet a member of the League. At the same time he obviously forgot that under the League Covenant England is already obligated to submit to the League Council a controversy with any other League member that is likely to cause a war, whether that other League member be on the same level of civilization with Great Britain or not.' The kernel of the situation is that Great Britain is unwilling to bind herself to accept the decrees of an international court of justice.

Turning to France, *Le Figaro* says that the Geneva decision resolves itself into this: —

> England and her friends have not the same ideas as France and her allies on the way to establish peace. Their respective ideals as well as their practical proposals differ widely. England is filled with the spirit of moralizing imperialism, France with a spirit of juridico-parliamentary internationalism.

But, after all, these different points of view are as much the product of physical conditions as of temperament. 'We do not think that our English friends would evacuate Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, and Singapore in exchange for a collective pact of the riparian governments along the way guaranteeing her her route to India and the Orient.'

Journal des Débats, which is fighting M. Herriot's Government, is inclined to compliment Mr. Chamberlain. It says his speech, 'barring a few passages of British *humor*,' was such a speech as France ought to have made on several occasions, notably last September, and it calls upon MM. Herriot and Briand to take note of the situation and change their course accordingly.

Le Temps was particularly struck by a certain harshness and asperity in Mr. Chamberlain's address which it says 'was quite outside of his usual manner.' While agreeing with some of his specific criticisms, it deplores his attitude as a whole. 'What the British Government has repudiated with an energy singularly surprising in discussing measures to guarantee better general security is the very spirit in which the Protocol was conceived and drafted — is the very gist of the solution that was contemplated at Geneva and that the delegates of the forty-six Powers represented there unhesitatingly accepted.'

What next? *Le Figaro* heads its answer to this question, 'From Geneva to Washington.' It speaks of the Dominions who vetoed British acceptance of the Protocol as 'imbued with American ideas.' The same people in Great Britain who oppose the Protocol oppose a guaranty treaty with France. 'Lord Balfour, who presided over the British delegation at Geneva and also played a leading rôle at the Washington Conference, is an outright enemy of both the Protocol and an Anglo-French pact. . . . Are we too bold in affirming that there is an understanding between the adversaries of the Protocol in England and the American partisans of a new Disarmament Conference? — that, in the same way that the invitation to the Conference in 1921 came from Washington but had been suggested by London, so in 1925 political opinion in America is manœuvred by certain leaders of opinion in England — by those men who consider the British Empire something utterly aloof from Europe?'

Of course, this does not mean all Englishmen. The London *Outlook* says the feelers thrown out by Washington for a new Conference have been received hospitably by Downing Street and favorably by Italy. 'France, on the other hand, having security on the brain, is raising obstacles; while Japan is noncommittal, waiting to see which way the wind will blow.' To which the editor adds: —

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As a whole I can see no objection to the proposed Conference, but at the same time it would be idle to expect any very important results. I don't think that we need suspect America of any ulterior motive. But the organizers of 'peace conferences,' however idealistic their intent, have a habit of not recognizing facts as facts. You cannot get rid of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by covenants or protocols, nor of 'tradition, customs, institutions, habits, race,' as Senator Borah once wisely said, 'through the necromancy of words.'

The *Nation and the Athenæum* thinks the rejection of President Coolidge's nomination of Mr. Warren to the Attorney-Generalship is a bad omen for such a Conference, because it suggests that America as a whole may not back up what her delegates agree to at such a meeting: —

In casting the horoscope of the Disarmament Conference that Mr. Coolidge now seems likely to call, we must not forget — as too many of us did when Mr. Wilson was at Paris — the dependence of an American President upon the good-will of the Senate if his international policies are to become effective.

✽

MINOR NOTES

THE first reception of President Coolidge's award covering the conditions of a plebiscite in the disputed provinces of Tacna and Arica, to decide whether they shall remain under the jurisdiction of Chile or be returned to Peru, apparently was more favorably received in the latter country than the telegraphic reports of subsequent protests would suggest. Bolivia, which sees no likelihood of regaining a corridor to the sea by the Washington decision, looked coolly upon it from the first. Lima opinion was probably divided along political lines. Supporters of the present administration, whose mouthpiece is *La Prensa*, were predisposed to regard the results of the arbitration as satisfactory, partly because such an outcome would profit the party in power. That journal published ten points in the award which it regarded as favoring Peru's contention. But dispatches from *La Paz* in the Buenos Aires press reported popular manifestations in Lima against the decision, and a fall of several points in Peruvian exchange was attributed to the same cause. On the other hand, no alloy of uncertainty tempered Chile's approval of the award. Even *El Diario Ilustrado*, President Alessandri's most belligerent and uncompromising critic, at once declared that the successful outcome of the arbitration would strengthen the Executive's position and hasten a return to normal political conditions in that country. Some Brazilian papers were critical. *A Noticia* of Rio de Janeiro said that such a plebiscite as was proposed would not settle the controversy, because it was a foregone conclusion that the voting would favor Chile.

THE Netherlands is indulging in a lively controversy over the reported offer of certain wealthy concerns having property interests in the Dutch East Indies to endow a school for training colonial servants at the University of Utrecht. Hitherto the aspirants for that service have been trained at the University of Leyden, which has a faculty of six professors of high repute to deal with different aspects of colonial administration. Business interests, it is said, are finding fault because 'the Leyden professors give undue emphasis to questions of ethics, and their teachings on the responsibility of foreign capitalism to the natives are liable to misinterpretation.' The result, it is said, is to encourage 'a revolutionary atmosphere against Dutch rule among the natives,' and in general an attitude hostile to big capitalism. The contro-

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versy has gone far enough to move the Leyden professors formally to refute, in an article in the monthly review *De Gids*, these allegations so far as they imply hostility to the Government or to Dutch rule in general. The professors assert that their teaching favors a policy of coöperation with the natives and the continuous furtherance of Indonesian social interests.

Le Quotidien, half in fun, half in protest, satirizes ingenuous American heiresses and their 'dads,' who show little evidence of the business acumen to which they presumably owe their wealth when they buy foreign titles for their families. 'The Negroes of Santo Domingo are not more ridiculous' — than such purchasers — 'when they assume the titles of Duc de Marmalade, Marquis de Trou-Bonbon, and Vicomte de l'Anse-à-Veau.' In fact, these West Indian titles stand searching inquiry quite as well as most of those sold in America. 'In 1925 there were twice as many "dukes" and "princes," and three times as many other "nobles," in the French Republic as there were under Louis XVI.' When, in 1909, the French Foreign Office decided to look into the alleged titles of the members of its staff and diplomatic corps, it discovered that, of some forty, only six or seven were able to produce documentary proof of the validity of their claims. 'Of course,' *Le Quotidien* observes, 'American girls may marry these men, so far as we are concerned. It brings dollars to France. But we do consider it bad, and frankly say so to our American friends,' for republican America to let the vanity of its rich citizens be played upon to supply financial support for reactionary and monarchist intrigues in France itself.

UNCLE SAM ON THE ENGLISH STAGE

Daily Express] [London

THE AMERICAN HAMLET.
"Gee! Poor Yorick, I guess I knew you too well, Bo!"

Daily Express] [London

"THE DOLLAR PRINCESS."
The Chorus: "Oo—er!"

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DANZIG AND THE POLISH CORRIDOR[1]

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

WHEN a passenger left Berlin on the North Express before the war, he paid little attention to the sombre country through which he passed in Germany, and felt that the Russian frontier must be very close. His train rumbled through avenues of evergreens, while he drowsily meditated on two great names: Schopenhauer, born at Danzig, and Kant, born at Konigsberg. If he was impressionable and inclined to indulge in generalizations, he may have asked himself if the skull capacity of these Nordic coast dwellers was not unusually large. But the appearance of the first Russian gendarmes quickly put an end to these reflections.

Had we then, in those former days, completely forgotten the partition of Poland? Were we utterly ignorant of the fact that the banks of the Vistula were not peopled by Germans? Of course not, but the German Empire as it then existed appeared indestructible. It seemed inconceivable that anything could happen revolutionary enough to restore Poland.

To-day a Westerner who makes this journey has several new experiences. He knows about the Treaty of Versailles; he examines the map; he recalls that in order to create a new Poland the Peace Conference has divided Germany asunder, cutting the main part of the country completely off from the Germans of East Prussia.

Germany cut in two! Even after all that has happened during the past ten years this thought is so disconcerting that it immediately arouses apprehensions of what Germany will do about it. But one need hardly wait even for that, since the Germans are already making the welkin ring with their threats. They declare roundly that whatever else they may consent to under the Treaty, they will never tolerate the permanent separation of Berlin from Konigsberg. If you ask anyone at the German capital to-day, either a native or a foreigner familiar with the country, to name the most irritating and dangerous question in international politics, he will instantly reply, 'The Polish Corridor.'

On the other hand, when you examine the considerations that moved the diplomats at Versailles to make such a grave and menacing decision, you will discover that they merely drew political frontiers to correspond with the ethnographic map. They simply gave Poland territory inhabited by Poles. Was that a crime?

Only five or ten minutes by the railway along the sea from the heart of Danzig are districts where the Poles form eighty-five per cent of the population. This Polish coast, which you will find marked on your map just west of Danzig as the coastal extremity of the corridor, has not been christened Polish by political caprice. When it was part of the German Empire it was invariably represented in the Reichstag by a Polish Deputy. Its geographical name is Polish Pomerania, and Pomerania comes from the Slavic words *po morie*, meaning 'on the sea.' If you draw a straight line from Cracow to the coast

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *March 7*

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just west of Danzig, it will pass through unbroken Polish territory. What can you do about that?

When you point this out the Germans answer: 'That does n't affect the fact that ever since the Congress of Vienna, or for more than a century, the King of Prussia was Grand Duke of Posen. The incorporation into Germany of this part of Poland was an accomplished fact, sanctioned by a hundred years of custom, labor, and administration. Prussia's final borders had been fixed to accord with this situation. To-day you are trying to revive, without consulting the population by a plebiscite, ancient historical boundaries that had been forgotten. You have destroyed overnight the work of a century. You have cut our country into two fragments without reliable communication between them. You have inflicted upon it a mutilation that the future will not accept. The superior necessity of preserving Germany's territorial unity should justly have taken precedence of the vague and questionable aspirations of two hundred thousand *Kachoubs* who live in the little district called to-day "the Corridor."'

The more one studies these opposite contentions, the clearer it becomes that we are dealing with one of those controversies that, to the eternal distress of mankind, have become so complicated that both sides have equally potent reasons for their opinion. Let us admit at once that the resentment the Germans feel at having their two Prussias separated by a belt of Polish territory is perfectly natural. On the other hand, the desire of the Poles to recover a district inhabited by their own people, and to control the entire course of their national river, the Vistula, to the sea, is likewise justified by arguments so obvious that no sane man can dispute them.

In fact, this controversy is many centuries old. In 1433, when the Poles, temporarily victorious, reached the sea near Danzig, they jubilantly filled their canteens with its water as a trophy of their triumph. It would take us too far afield to recite the checkered history of the long struggle that has since ensued between the Teutons, obstinately defending the coast from Danzig to Reval, and the Slavs, with equal obstinacy fighting for access to the sea.

I sit in the Berlin train for East Prussia. If I had intended to go directly through to that destination, I should have been put in a special car, properly sealed, and should have passed without interference across the Polish Corridor. But I am going to Danzig. Apparently it is an extraordinary expedition. What could a man possibly have to do in Danzig? So, at a station with an unrememberable name, Prussian officials, veritable border-wolves, question me, minutely scrutinize my documents, search my luggage, scan me with suspicious eyes. A Warsaw official, wearing a haughty mien and armed with an enormous rapier, follows these gentlemen down the aisle of the car, visas my passport, and we enter the Polish Corridor. A minute later another Pole stamps my papers and authorizes me to

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leave the Corridor. Finally a Danzig employee again stamps my documents, so that I may leave the train at last at the station of the Free State of Danzig. Four visas to come here, plus the regular German visa and the regular Polish visa procured at Berlin before my departure! When I reach the hotel I find a courteous but reserved reception. People scan me out of the corners of their eyes.

But what is this languorous music? What! What! Here in a gorgeous room attached to the hotel people are drinking, eating, and smoking in a sort of music-hall atmosphere, where imitation English girls in tights and fictitious Russian dancers are performing on a stage. I confess I am surprised to catch the pious burghers of Danzig, the ultra-respectable city, thus *in flagrante delicto*. The same evening I visit a movie show. There everything is German. Pictures of prominent German politicians are thrown on the screen followed by the motto, *Deutschland über Alles*, which Theodore Wolff assures me simply means *Vive l'Allemagne*.

After the first of July, 1878, when Danzig was made the capital of East Prussia, it became one of the most important military posts in Germany. To-day it is not at all happy at reverting to its ancient status of a free city. One cannot walk many steps along its streets without running into some monument erected to the glory of the great men who followed the elder William. At the City Hall hangs a large canvas portraying French prisoners captured during the retreat from Moscow, surrounded by Prussian soldiers. The building also contains busts of Hindenburg and Mackensen, wearing the fierce military mien that the German people like to give their army men.

I requested the privilege of presenting my respects to Herr Sahm, President of the Free State. It was readily granted. I found myself facing a giant of a man, whose formidable visage gazed down upon me from an intimidating height. This tiny country indulges in the luxury of the largest President I ever saw. Herr Sahm, however, is a courteous gentleman of impeccable official correctness, whom even the Poles respect for his integrity. I gazed with admiration on this superb example of the Danzig male, and asked if his good city found life supportable under the new régime.

'We should get along very tolerably,' Herr Sahm replied with deliberation, 'if Danzig's liberties were respected. But as a matter of fact, our rights are constantly violated. For example, Poland does not recognize that Danzig is an independent state. She insists that we are merely a free city, and since she is the only country to hold this opinion we feel justly indignant. For what is the idea behind her attitude? We ourselves stand by the terms of the Versailles Treaty. We simply insist that it be loyally respected. That is the only way we can get along. To illustrate, a tariff convention exists between Poland and the Free State of Danzig, under which Poland is not entitled to levy new duties without previously notifying our Government. Now Poland changes her export tariffs inside twenty-four hours to the serious detriment of our trade. To cite another instance, although the League of Nations has formally stipulated that we shall under no circumstances become a military centre of any kind, we are compelled to allot part of our harbor to Poland for a munitions depot. What is worse, we are ordered offhand and forced to pay part of the cost of its construction.'

After leaving President Sahm's office I visited the Polish officials stationed here and questioned them regarding

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his complaints, which seemed to me plausible enough. They laughed in my face.

'Herr Sahm is not any more a Danziger than you are,' they said. 'He is merely a Prussian official born in Pomerania. Neither is Herr Ziehm, the Vice-President of the Senate. Herr Treichel, the President of the Volktag, is a Prussian born at Riesenburg. Dr. Srusen, the Minister of Justice, was formerly the chief legal adviser of one of the Prussian Ministries at Berlin. The trouble is that Danzig has no local official class, no native bourgeoisie trained in public affairs, with whom we can discuss these subjects. The city is merely a branch of Berlin, administered by Prussian bureaucrats who, while formally irreproachable in their political conduct, are constantly stirring up strife. That munitions depot is an old bone of contention. Colonel de Reynier, the Swiss Chairman of the Harbor Board, finally took matters in his own hands and designated a point near the mouth of the Vistula for a site. It was entirely unimproved; and if the city has to pay half the cost, that is because it obstinately refused to let us use some other part of the harbor. While the Senate of Danzig governs the city proper, it has no authority over the port. The Treaty places that in the hands of a harbor board consisting of five Poles, five Danzigers, and a Swiss chairman.'

Subsequently I talked with a foreign-affairs expert in the service of the President of Danzig. He gave the situation still another slant. 'You are aware, of course,' he said to me, 'that the inhabitants of the Corridor are not Poles, but Kachoubs. There is more difference between a Pole and a Kachoub than is commonly known. You are likewise aware, of course, that these people were never allowed to vote upon their separation from Germany. If you were to take such a vote to-morrow you would find a vast majority anxious to return to Germany. They have had enough of Polish administration. They appreciate the superiority of the German administration to which they have been accustomed for years. They find their country overrun with officials trained in the Russian or Austrian school — gentlemen with certain peculiar weaknesses. The people have suffered badly at their hands. More than that, the Kachoubs miss the German social legislation, especially our sickness insurance. In a word, they feel that they are superior to the population of the rest of Poland, and want to get back to Germany.'

I did not venture to tell this gentleman that he might be taking his wishes for realities. Whenever two countries are competing for the favor of a little community like that of the Corridor, men will be found in it who will flatter both sides. I have no doubt that some Kachoubs will tell the Germans in private that they prefer Germany, and likewise tell the Poles in private that they prefer Poland. But at bottom the Kachoubs are Slavs, and do not differ from other Poles more than a Frenchman of Auvergne differs from a Frenchman of Picardy.

I have on my desk a portfolio stuffed with papers and documents relating to the innumerable controversies, trickeries, mystifications, complaints, and answers that have gathered around the Danzig-Polish dispute. There is no conceivable aspect of the question — historical, economic, or political — that has not been abundantly aired by experts of one side or the other. In fact, a ceaseless battle is being fought for the mouth of the Vistula. Since the policing of both the port and the city is in the hands of the Free State Government, — although the engineering control of the harbor is not, — the Poles

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have an abundant crop of grievances. To-day it is because their letter-boxes are mysteriously spirited away by unknown parties. Another day all foreign correspondence is opened and censored by a Black Cabinet. Rarely, I am told, does a newspaper containing an article favorable to Poland reach a Danzig subscriber.

After all, it is a tempest in a teapot, for Danzig, with its 190,000 inhabitants, is no Berlin. The offices of these wrangling contestants are so close together that the respective champions pass each other on the streets a dozen times a day. Moreover, they are all cultivated, correct gentlemen, whom in private life you cannot help liking: President Sahm, the terrible Prussian giant; Herr Ferber, his foreign-affairs specialist — a very learned man; the Polish General Commissioner, who happens to bear the Teutonic name of Strassburger and is a gentleman of the delicate, insinuating, cardinalesque type; Admiral Berovsky, an old sea-wolf whom we knew in the Russian navy at Port Arthur and only a few years ago commanded at Kronstadt, but now wears the uniform of a Polish officer; and last of all, the Swiss Colonel de Reynier, a shrewd administrator, impartial, desperately endeavoring to let in a little light of good sense, civilization, and European rationality upon this dusty scrimmage of fanatics.

Are the Germans, whose pride is undoubtedly wounded and whose Pan-German aspirations are blocked by the existence of the Corridor, seriously injured materially? I am told that they are not. Uninterrupted communication between Germany and East Prussia is fully guaranteed by a Convention signed at Paris in April 1921. This provides for the free transit of passengers and merchandise, even military convoys and munitions, between the main part of Germany and East Prussia. The plan works so smoothly that the mixed tribunal set up under the chairmanship of Herr Koch, the Danish Consul-General at Danzig, to settle any disputes under the Convention has not received a single complaint during the last two years.

Statistics show that the number of people and the amount of freight moving by land between Berlin and East Prussia are larger to-day than before 1914. More than that, Danzig is probably the only port in the world whose traffic has doubled since before the war. Practically one fourth of all the trade of Poland passes through that city, and ninety-five per cent of the merchandise that crosses its wharves either comes from or is destined for Poland. But the Danzigers argue that in the good old days they had not only Poland but also Russia, the Ukraine, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania for their hinterland. They say that if they were left alone they would do very well. In fact, political passions are so excited that I question if the people of Danzig would not prefer poverty without the Poles to wealth bestowed by Polish hands. They imagine that the Poles will seize the first favorable opportunity to curtail their liberties and to reduce them to a Polish autonomous municipality. The mere thought of this makes a Danzig citizen furious.

I have not told the whole story, but I have told enough to show how serious the situation is. As long as both parties to the controversy continue to look at it from the purely self-centred point of view that governed Europe up to 1914, there is no solution but that of force. . . . As long as the Polish Corridor exists, Germany, which is cut in two by it, will dream of restoring her territorial unity. On the other hand, any device for giving Germany a corridor would cut directly across Polish territory and defeat at a single stroke Poland's

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ambition to have a seaport of her own. Assume that, as a measure of conciliation, a plan should be devised to give Germany a single road under her own sovereignty through the Corridor. That narrow line, that tiny ribbon, would make Poland's aspirations unrealizable. It would separate her, not only from Danzig and the mouth of the Vistula, but also from Gdenia, the new port that she is building with French assistance west of Danzig as the beginning of a naval base.

No way out of the difficulty presents itself. As long as we persist in discussing international questions on a basis of our age-old nationalist scholastics and appeal to history, that automatic progenitor of wars, the German plan and the Polish plan cannot be simultaneously realized. The Poles cannot control their great river, the Vistula, and the descendants of the Teutonic Order simultaneously rule over the Baltic Coast. So long as European nations insist upon perpetuating the rivalries of the past, there will of necessity be wars. Until some new and higher principle controls the European mind, that tragic outcome is inevitable. I speak emphatically and bluntly, because it is well for us to see things just as they are; for we Frenchmen may be called upon to sacrifice ourselves yet again in order to enable the Slavic race to achieve its complete enfranchisement.

Is there a new and higher principle through which this can be avoided? What principle is there that, while leaving each nation free to work out its own destiny, to cultivate its hereditary gifts, will gradually remove this bitter jealousy, this fierce enmity that threatens Europe with destruction? I borrow the formula of a German genius who certified to his own Polish descent. Friedrich Nietzsche wrote: 'Europe wishes to become one. Every man of any depth and breadth of mind who has lived during our century has yearned for this great spiritual achievement, has sought to open a way to this new synthesis, has striven to realize in himself the European of the future.'

HAREBELL

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Saturday Review*]

Lie easy, harebell; do not wither
Quickly, as blooms that light hands gather.
But burn your little lamp of blue
Steadily, all night through,
Marking for us the small grave,
Where the joy, that we did not have,
And the poem, I might have made,
Are laid.

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MR. GLADSTONE PREPARES TO MEET MRS. LANGTRY[1]

BY J. E. C. BODLEY

'MRS. LANGTRY is going to publish her memoirs.' This announcement, recently made in the newspapers, recurred to my memory the other day, during one of my very rare visits to London, when noting the progress of the wave of demolition of ancient houses in St. James's Street. The connection of the two ideas does not seem to be obvious, so some explanation is necessary. On the eastern side of that historic thoroughfare the tide of demolition seems to have stopped for the moment at Lock's, waiting perhaps for the not distant time when the last tall silk hat shall have been sold and ironed by that time-honored firm, which is said to have been converted into a limited liability company! Such a conversion would have saddened the hearts of the three aged men who used to *coiffer* (we have no English equivalent for this most useful term) the most illustrious heads in the Empire. The most venerable of the elders sat silent at an antique desk casting up figures neatly in an ancestral ledger, which were presently to be transcribed on blue invoices of archaic form. Unlike all other tradesmen's accounts, these bills were a joy to receive, being in those happy days very moderate, not enclosed in vulgar envelopes, but simply folded and sealed with wafers, as was the custom when George III was king. The other ancients, of subaltern rank, were in shirt-sleeves, and their chief occupation was to iron the hats of customers while they waited. Now nobody needs this glossy reparation, because silk hats are not worn, except by hunting men, whose damaged headpieces are not repaired with a simple *coup de fer*, and by bishops, whose strings have to be removed before the iron can be applied.

Lock's bow-window, which still contains a faded relic of the sporting efforts of Albert the Good when he devised a crimson headdress for the beaters at Windsor, had for next-door neighbor on the north a well-known druggist's shop, which survived until the other day. On its wall was a plaque which told that the house was once the habitation of Byron. In the early eighties the upper part was the last resting-place of an aged man of letters who was old enough to have seen Byron and to have been the associate of men far senior to the poet, such as Sam Rodgers, who also lived in St. James's parish. This old fellow, whose energetic rancors were unabated though their objects had mostly disappeared, was Abraham Hayward, pamphleteer, historian (in a small way), Quarterly Reviewer of the great days of Quarterly Reviewing, when all the articles were anonymous, yet such was their weight or vigor that the authorship of each was known or conjectured; and for a very brief moment, near the end of his life, he was dramatic critic of 'the Times newspaper' — as he used to call it.

In this capacity he came into contact with Mrs. Langtry just at the time when I made his acquaintance. In those days there was a very charming

[1] From *Manchester Guardian* (Independent-Liberal daily), *February* 28

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and cultivated woman who had a little house in Belgravia, Mme. du Quaire — or 'Fanny du Quaire,' as she was known to her friends, of whom Matthew Arnold was one of the most intimate. An invitation to dine at her hospitable table always meant that the fortunate guests would be sure of meeting two or three people of unusual interest. So one day she invited me to meet Abraham Hayward and Lowell, to whom she added at my suggestion A. W. Kinglake, rarely seen in London society, whom I particularly wished to meet, as at that time I knew *Eothen* by heart as well as the delusive rhetoric of the chapter on the Coup d'État in his *Crimean War*. Lowell was then American Minister, the United States Government still holding that to convert the Legation into an Embassy would be an aristocratic backsliding. He was best as a public after-dinner speaker or in the intimacy of tête-à-tête conversation. But on this occasion he did not shine. Neither did the other two lions. We all know from *Bombastes* the vexatious effect produced on one lion by the roaring of another, and here was the case of three elderly lions, all expected to roar in the limited space of a small dinner-party. Hayward especially felt the constraint. He had no opportunity of firing off the ammunition he had prepared as a proficient old diner-out. So after dinner, mellowed with wine, he asked me to call to see him. Our hostess, after his departure, exclaimed: 'Well, you have made a conquest. Never before have I seen Hayward pay the least attention to a young man. It will be well worth your while to go and have a talk with him.'

So the next day I called at Byron's whilom house, of which the old gentleman occupied the upper chambers. The little first-floor room was extremely neat. There was no litter of papers to mark the residence of a man of letters. The only ornament in the room that I recollect was a fine bust of Byron, which Hayward said had belonged to 'Laura Bell' — Mrs. Thistlethwaite. So her friendship with Mr. Gladstone led at once, and naturally, to the subject on which he wished to talk.

Half a dozen years previously Mrs. Langtry had captured London society with her beauty. Sir Allen Young, the Arctic explorer, who had failed to discover the North Pole, had discovered the 'Jersey Lily' when yachting and had presented her to the Prince of Wales — his late Majesty. I well remember one night, when an undergraduate, I was leaving with Oscar Wilde, demy of Magdalen, the Vaudeville Theatre, where the play, *Our Boys*, was running for years to prove to foreigners that we could produce masterpieces of comedy. Oscar had to hurry away, explaining enthusiastically that he was going to meet the loveliest woman in Europe in the Chelsea studio of Frank Miles, who had a pretty talent for drawing pretty faces — 'I've Been Roaming,' 'The Gardener's Daughter,' and others which reproduced them were sold by the hundred at Oxford and Cambridge. This was the first I heard of Mrs. Langtry before the famous ball at Grosvenor House where guests stood on chairs to stare at the new beauty and before the Eton and Harrow match where she was mobbed by the fashionable crowd.

A few years passed, and Mrs. Langtry resolved to profit from her exceptional gifts and to go on the stage. The Haymarket was the theatre and *She Stoops to Conquer* was the piece chosen for her début. For some reason Hayward was employed by the *Times* to chronicle this unusually interesting first night. This brought him into contact with the new leading lady, and also drew the attention of Mr. Gladstone to her appearance, as he and

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Hayward were on terms of curious intimacy. No two men were more dissimilar; but they had one bond of union — they were both Peelites. The way to rouse Hayward's indignation was to suggest that he was a Whig. 'I was never a Whig,' he used to cry. 'Like Gladstone, I was a Peelite.' So Mr. Gladstone read attentively Hayward's essay in dramatic criticism, and this induced a correspondence which led to some agreeable incidents. Hayward sat beneath the shadow of Byron's bust and read to me Mr. Gladstone's letters — a singular, shriveled little figure he was, with his crinkled white hair and pronounced features. In one of the earliest letters Mr. Gladstone *lui tint à peu près ce langage:* 'What you tell me about this admirable lady interests me much. Is she married, and is her husband an agreeable man? I should like to make her acquaintance.' In a later letter Mr. Gladstone describes how he is fitting himself for the privilege of knowing Miss Hardcastle. With sedulous earnestness he gets a copy of *She Stoops to Conquer* and studies the text with the minuteness of a philologist. He finds to his surprise that Goldsmith uses the term 'cantankerousness.' He looks it up in a dictionary, which gives as the only authority for the use of the word the *Times* newspaper. 'This I consider,' wrote Mr. Gladstone, 'a detestable authority.'

Abraham Hayward lived only a few months after this episode; but Mr. Gladstone survived long enough to be twice again Prime Minister. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Langtry may be able to publish some details of his unofficial life which are not contained in his official biography.

THE ANNIVERSARY

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE clicking of the latch,
Then the scratch
Of a match
In the darkness and a sudden burst of flame —
And I saw you standing there
All astare
In the flare;
And I stepped to meet you, crying on your name.

But the match went out, alack!
And the black
Night came back
To my heart as I recalled with sudden fear
How upon your dying bed
You had said
That the dead
Return to haunt the faithless once a year.

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NIETZSCHE'S EVENSONG[1]

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

[THIS remarkable essay, on the puzzling theme of a great mind's tragedy, has aroused wide interest in German-reading Europe.]

A great man is beaten back, driven back, tortured back into solitude.

'O SOLITUDE, solitude, my home!' This melancholy refrain breaks the silence of a glacier world. Zarathustra composes his evensong, his song before his last night, his song before his eternal home-going. For had not loneliness always been this wanderer's only home, his cold hearth, his stone roof? He had visited unnumbered cities; he had made interminable journeys of the spirit; he had often sought to escape from his haunting loneliness to other lands, but he always returned, wearied, footworn, and disillusioned, to 'solitude, my home.'

But as this loneliness had wandered with him, the wanderer, she had changed her aspect, and now he shrank back terrified from her forbidding countenance. For she had become startlingly like himself during their long companionship; hard, cruel, violent, she had learned to pain and to terrify. And though he still tenderly called her solitude, his old beloved, familiar solitude, that had long since ceased to be her true name; she was now isolation — that last, that sevenfold loneliness that is not merely solitude, but solitude plus desertion. For the world around Nietzsche at last became frightfully empty, terrifyingly silent. No hermit, no desert anchorite, no pillar saint, was left so utterly alone; for they, fanatics of their faith, still had their God, whose shadow dwelt within their cell or fell athwart their column. But he, 'the murderer of God,' no longer had either God or man. The more he won himself, the more he lost the world; the farther he wandered, the wider the desert grew. Ordinarily a writer's books slowly and silently create a human-magnetic field around him, even in case of the most solitary; by some obscure attraction they draw an ever-growing invisible company to his presence. But Nietzsche's works had a repelling effect. They drove kindly influences from him and increasingly isolated him from his contemporaries. Each new book cost him a friend; each work severed a human tie. Little by little the last thin efflorescence of public interest in his writings faded. First he lost the philologists, then Wagner and his spiritual circle, and last of all his own young disciples. No publisher could be found in Germany who would print his books. The fruit of twenty years' labor, four and sixty hundredweight of unbound volumes, lay stored in his cellar. He must draw on his own frugal savings to get his writings into type.

But it was not alone that no one bought them. Even when he gave them away, Nietzsche, the Nietzsche of the last lucid years, no longer found a reader. When the fourth part of *Zarathustra* was finished, he printed at his own expense only forty copies, and then found but seven men among

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *February* 21

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the seventy million Germans in Europe to whom he could send a copy. So solitary, so incomprehensibly solitary, was Nietzsche at the height of his creative period. None showed him a shred of confidence, an iota of appreciation. On the contrary, that he might not lose Overbeck, the last friend of his youth, he must apologize to him for what he wrote, must humbly crave pardon. 'Old chap,' — one can almost hear the timidly pleading voice; one can almost see the pain-racked countenance, the appealing hands, the gesture to ward off a new stroke of the lash, — 'read it from the beginning and from the end. Do not let yourself be bewildered and estranged. Summon up all your good-will for my sake. If you find the book as a whole intolerable, perhaps a hundred details in it may not be so.' Thus did the greatest mind of his century proffer to his contemporaries the most wonderful books of his age; and the most heroic title he could give to a friendship was to say that nothing could destroy it — 'even the *Zarathustra*.' Even the *Zarathustra!* Such a crucial test, a Calvary, had Nietzsche's creations become for his fellow men! So deep was the gulf that yawned between his genius and the inferiority of his age! Ever thinner became the atmosphere on his heights, ever stiller, ever emptier.

This silence made Nietzsche's last, sevenfold loneliness an inferno. He beat his head vainly against its unechoing wall. 'After such a cry of heart anguish as my *Zarathustra*, lifted from the uttermost depths of my soul, not to hear even a whisper of response. Nothing, nothing, only silence, only a thousandfold solitude — that was terrible beyond all conception, something to crush the strongest.' And after this wild protest he added: 'And I am not the strongest. Since then I have been like one stricken unto death.' But it is not applause, assent, fame, that he craves. On the contrary, nothing would have pleased his combative temperament better than indignation, disagreement — aye, even contempt. 'When a person is like a tautly drawn bow any shock is welcome provided it be violent.' A response, — warm, cold, or even lukewarm, — anything to make him conscious that he was part of the living world. But even his friends sedulously avoided him, evaded mentioning his writings in their letters, as if they were a painful subject. That was the wound that ate deeper and deeper into his soul, that cut his pride to the quick, stung his self-respect, and branded upon his innermost being 'the burning scar of receiving no response.' That is what poisoned his solitude and made it a nightmare.

It was as if a sudden fever seized upon and consumed the stricken man. If we listen to the pulsation that throbs through the writings and the letters of his later years, we hear the blood hammering in his arteries, as if pumped by the heart of a climber who has reached the rarefied air of a lofty mountain-top where all life ceases. In his very latest letters this violent knocking, as of a machine about to burst asunder, becomes unendurably painful. An impatient, nervous spasm flashes through Nietzsche's usually tolerant and polished manner: 'Your long silence has stung my pride.' He insists upon, he demands, an answer at any cost. He drives his printer with letters and telegrams — quicker, quicker, as if all were staked on haste. He decides not to wait, as he originally planned, until his *Will to Power*, his masterpiece, is finished, but impatiently rushes each section to the press, as a man might cast a firebrand into a black abyss. His 'halcyon tone' is extinguished; his last writings groan with suppressed suffering and with a

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measureless, defiant anger. They are lashed out of him with the scourge of impatience. This haughty, indifferent man, stung in his pride, bade studied defiance to his age in a vain effort to provoke its retaliation.

That this challenge might be the more provocative, he related the story of his life, *Ecce Homo*, 'with a cynicism that will go down in history.' Never before had books been written with such an intense craving, with such a morbid, twitching fever of impatience, for an answer as were Nietzsche's last monumental pamphlets. He lashed the callous indifference of his contemporaries with the scorpions of his pen, inspired by the same mad fury that made Xerxes bid his minions flog the disobedient ocean with their rods. An insane fear that he would not live be be heard, a demoniacal vehemence, characterized this greedy insistence on some response. We can see how he waited a second after delivering each new blow, bending with tense attention to catch the cry of those he struck. But nothing followed. No echo of an answer ascended to his 'azure' solitude. Silence gripped his throat like an iron ring not to be broken by any cry, even the most terrible mankind knows; until he realized that no god could redeem him henceforth from the engulfment of this final solitude.

At length, in his last hours, apocalyptic rage seized the outcast. Roaring with anger, he hurled boulders about him like blinded Polyphemus, heedless where they struck; and because he had no one to suffer with him, to feel with him, he tore at his own quivering heart. He had murdered the gods, so he deified himself. 'Must we not ourselves become gods to be worthy of such deeds?' He had shattered all altars; therefore he built an altar to himself, his *Ecce Homo*, to glorify him whom all men scorned. He built him an imposing monument of words. His hammer-blows rang louder than any others in his century. In an ecstasy of exaltation he chanted his death song — an exaggerated, exuberant pæan of his deeds and victories. Darkness gathered about him with a great roaring as of coming tempests, through which broke shrieks of laughter — the shrill, malicious, insane laughter of despair — the *Ecce Homo* swan song. Ever louder rose the chant, ever shriller rose the laughter, beating against the silent glaciers of his empyrean. Spasmodically he lifts his hands, dithyrambic impulse moves his feet, and suddenly begins the dance, the dance over the abyss, the abyss of his own destruction.

If you gaze too long into the abyss, the abyss at length looks back into you.

The five months closing with the autumn of 1888, Nietzsche's last lucid interval, are unique in the annals of creative production. Probably never before or since has a single genius within so short a period thought so much, so intensely, so continuously, so hyperbolically, and so radically; never has a human brain been so flooded with ideas, so crowded with images, so rocked with music, as that of this doomed man. No parallel exists in the history of the human intellect for this abundance, for this overwhelming, all-compelling ecstasy, for this fanatical fury of creation — unless it was during that very year, and under the same heaven, when a painter, likewise lashed by furies ambushed in eternal mystery, likewise poised on the verge of madness, experienced a similar onrush of productivity. Van Gogh, in the Garden of Arles and in an asylum, filled his canvases with the same incredible speed, with the same ecstatic ease, possessed by the same abnormal creative spirit. Scarcely had

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he finished one of his pallid but radiant pictures before his unerring brush was flitting over a new canvas, without an instant's pause or respite, without premeditation, without taking breath for composition. To create had become an all-absorbing imperative, bestowing upon its slave demoniacal clairvoyance and facility, an unbroken continuity of visions. Friends who had left Van Gogh an hour previously stood speechless on their return before a picture completed during their brief absence, and watched him begin, with moist brush, feverish eyes, and breathless impatience, yet another. The demon that had him by the throat granted his victim no respite, no pause, careless how quickly he, the mad rider, drove the fainting and fevered body to destruction.

It was precisely thus that Nietzsche threw off work after work, breathlessly, without pause, with the same unprecedented lucidity and speed. Ten days, fourteen days, three weeks — these were the periods required for his last books, for their conception, planning, completion. There was no period of incubation, no interval of repose, no tentative approach to the subject from different angles, no changing, no revising; they sprang forth from his pen spotless, final, finished — at the same time incandescent and tempered from the forge. Never has a brain functioned so long at such high pressure. Never have associations tied themselves together in a human mind with such magic speed. The vision instantly suggested the word; the idea instantly stood forth precise and clear. And this marvelous abundance came without a trace of effort. Creation had long since ceased to be a labor. It had become merely a *laissez faire*, a passive serving as a vehicle for higher powers. Possessed by the spirit, Nietzsche had only to lift his eyes, those farsighted, deep-thinking eyes, and his vision compassed infinite time — both past and future. To him, the clairvoyant, his visions were palpably present. He need only stretch forth his hand, that feverish, eager hand, to seize them. Scarcely had he seized them when they became alive, thronged with figures, pulsating with music, living, thinking entities.

This inflow of ideas, of images, did not cease for one second of these Napoleonic days. His spirit was flooded with them, swept away on their irresistible current. 'Zarathustra seized me.' He is ever speaking of thus being carried away, overmastered by some irresistible power; as if somewhere in the remoter reaches of his consciousness there were still a secret bulwark of rationality, an instinctive resistance to the mysterious forces that took possession of him. 'Possibly nothing was ever produced out of such an overflow of power,' Nietzsche exclaimed ecstatically of these last works. But he never ventured to say that it was his own power. On the contrary, he felt himself intoxicated with the spirit, 'a mere mouthpiece of some transcendental imperative.'

Who can presume to portray this miracle of inspiration, and yet the terror and the dread of these last months of incessant mind-and-body-exhausting creation, when he himself has described it in the transport of gratitude, in the vivid rapture, of the immediate experience? It is enough to catch these flashing glimpses from his pen:—

'Has anyone at the end of the nineteenth century a clear conception of what poets of a greater age called inspiration? I shall try to describe it. A man with even the faintest trace of superstition in himself will be unable to escape the feeling that he is merely an incarnation, a mouthpiece, a medium of superior powers. The conception of revelation, in the sense that suddenly,

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with indescribable certainty and perfection, something visible, audible, comes to him, something that thrills and stirs his deepest being, simply records a fact. A man hears and does not seek; a man receives and does not ask who gives. A thought flashes into the mind like lightning, final and irrefutable. It has never been of my choosing. A rapture so intense that it dissolves in tears, that makes a man involuntarily hasten or slacken his steps; a feeling of complete disembodiment combined with a distinct consciousness of a succession of tremors and thrills running over one from head to toe; a sensation of deep joy in which the most painful and poignant experiences seem not discords but only necessary shadowings in an overwhelming flood of light; an instinct of rhythmic relations spanning the infinite universe of forms, — indeed, the expansion, the conscious necessity, of an all-embracing rhythm is pretty nearly a measure of the power of an inspiration, a sort of compensation for its pressure and tension, — all this comes upon one involuntarily, in a whirlwind of sensations of freedom, illimitability, power, divinity. . . . The spontaneousness of the image, of the simile, is its most remarkable characteristic. A man is no longer conscious that it is an image, a simile. It comes to him directly as the immediate, the original, the simple form of expression. It really seems, to recall a saying of Zarathustra, as if the thing in itself came to one and offered itself as a simile: "Hereupon all things come caressingly to thy speech and flatter thee, for they will ride upon thy back. On every simile thou ridest to every truth. The words and treasure-stores of words of all existence fly open for thee; all being seeks embodiment in words; all that comes into being would learn to speak from thee." This is my experience of inspiration. I doubt not that one would have to go back ten thousand years to find another who would dare to say to me, "It is also mine."'

I know that the psychiater will see in this exhilarated, ecstatic self-glorification the euphoria, the final flash of joy, of the doomed, the stigma of megalomania, the self-exaltation typical in certain forms of insanity. But yet I ask, has any other man immortalized with such crystalline clearness the state of creative frenzy? For this is the unique, the unprecedented miracle of Nietzsche's last work — that a supreme degree of clarity accompanied the climax of his somnambulistic frenzy, that the wisdom of the serpent dwelt with him in the very midst of its bacchantic fury. All others thus self-deified, those whose souls Dionysus has made drunken, have maundered and lost themselves in misty obscurities. They have spoken vaguely and confusedly, as men in dreams. All others who have gazed into the abyss have used an Orphic, a Pythian, a weird, mysterious speech that carries dread but not understanding to our minds, and that our intellect refuses to comprehend. But Nietzsche was as clear as crystal in the midst of his frenzy. His words are keen and precise in the very flame of the tripod. Possibly there never was another living man who bent over the brink of madness so intensely clear-sighted and conscious, so unshrinking and free from dizziness. Nietzsche's language is never colored, never clouded with mystery. On the contrary, at no time was he clearer and truer than during those last few moments when he was, so to speak, irradiated by the mystery of existence. To be sure, it was a dangerous radiance that made his soul so luminous. It was the weird, morbid glow of a midnight sun falling over icebergs. It was a northern light of the soul that fills the

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beholder with awe but does not warm or vivify. . . . Nietzsche's collapse was a sort of flame-death. His spirit was consumed on its own altar-fire.

Indeed, that soul had long quivered and shrunk from this excessive radiance; the magically knowing one was frightened by this flood of inner light, and the wild joyousness with which it thrilled him. 'The intensity of my feelings makes me shudder and laugh.' But nothing could check this ecstatic current, this plunging down of thoughts like flights of falcons from heaven, enveloping him and hovering over him day and night, night and day, hour after hour, until his blood throbbed with their fever as he slept. Chloral helped at night, built a fragile shelter of sleep to shut out the constant flood of visions; but his nerves glowed like incandescent wires, his whole being was like an electric charge of darting, flashing, consuming light.

Is it strange that in this vortex of inspirational emotions, in this unceasing torrent of ideas, Nietzsche sometimes failed to kept his feet on the solid ground and, torn this way and that, no longer knew who he was or what his limitations were? For some time before the end he ceased to sign his letters by his own name, Friedrich Nietzsche. Probably he vaguely felt that one who had experienced such mighty things was no longer the little Protestant pastor's son from Naumburg, but some other being as yet unnamed, something exceptional and paramount, a new martyr of man. Therefore he signed his last messages with some symbolic word: 'The Monster,' 'The Crucified,' 'The Antichrist,' 'Dionysus.' Completely possessed by overmastering powers, he no longer felt himself a human being, but a focus, an instrument, of outside forces. He shouts with tremendous *hybris* into the fearful silence: 'I am no man; I am dynamite.' 'I am an historical event that divides human history into two parts.' As Napoleon in burning Moscow, faced by the endless Russian winter and surrounded by the miserable fragments of a once powerful army, continued to issue arrogant and threatening proclamations, presumptuous to the verge of the ridiculous, so Nietzsche in the burning Kremlin of his brain, powerless amid the ruined remnants of his thoughts, sent forth pamphlet after pamphlet of wild and exaggerated nonsense, bidding the German Kaiser come to Rome to be shot, calling upon the European Powers to make a united attack on Germany and bring her to reason. Thus his apocalyptic wrath struck wildly at shadows, beating vainly against all constituted things. He demanded that the calendar be revised and dated from the appearance of his *Antichrist*. Even in his madness Nietzsche was greater in his conceptions than any other madman.

Never did such a tidal wave of inspiration sweep over a creative man as that which surged through Nietzsche during this single autumn. 'Never before was there such poetry, such sensibility, such pain; thus suffers the god Dionysus' — these words on the eve of his madness are fearfully true. For that little fourth-story chamber and the caves of Sils-Maria sheltered, together with the sick, nerve-shaken man Friedrich Nietzsche, the boldest thoughts, the loftiest language, that his generation knew. The creative spirit had ensconced itself under the low, weather-beaten roof and emptied its whole treasury of gifts into the arms of a single poor, nameless, timid, lost man — immeasurably more than any single human being could receive and yet survive. And in this tiny room, stifled by infinity, the terrified, pitiful, earthly senses struggled and shriveled under the fury of these lightning flashes,

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under those whiplike blows of revelation and prophecy. He felt that a divinity was stooping over him, a fiery divinity whose radiance his eyes could not bear and whose breath burned like fire. Every time the shrinking human lifted his eyes to scan the countenance of this presence his thoughts flew from him in a dazzling chaos. Is not he who feels these inexpressible things, who puts them into words, and suffers from them — is not he himself God — a god of the world now that he has killed all other gods? Who, who is he? . . . Is he the Crucified, the dead, or the living God, the god of his youth, Dionysus? Or is he both simultaneously, a crucified Dionysus? He grows ever more bewildered; the stream roars too loudly, with too much light. . . . Is it still light? Is it not music? The little fourth-story chamber in Via Alberto is filled with harmonies; the stars sing in their courses; the heavens are luminous. Oh, what music! Hot salt tears bedew his beard. What divine tenderness! What ineffable happiness! And now — how luminous everything is — And all the while in the street below men smile at him, greet him, and the old apple-woman picks her fairest fruit from her basket for him. They all bow to him — the murderer of God. . . . Yes, he knows, he knows. The *Antichrist* has appeared and they sing Hosanna! Hosanna! Everywhere melody, the universe melodious with music — And then sudden silence.

Something has fallen. It is himself, fallen in front of the house. Someone picks him up, and now he is back in his chamber. Has he slept long? It is so dark. There is the piano. Music! Music! And then, suddenly, people in the room. Is that not Overbeck? But Overbeck is surely in Basel; and he, where is he himself? He no longer knows. Why do they look at him so strangely, so solicitously? And then a car, a car. How the rails rattle, so strangely, as if they were trying to sing. Yes, they sing his gondola song, and he sings it with them, sings it into the endless darkness. . . .

And later in a room somewhere else, with darkness, constant darkness. No more sun, no more light, either within or without. Somewhere around him people are talking. A woman — is it not his sister? But she is certainly far away in Lama Land. Yet she reads to him from books. Has he not also written books? Someone answers softly, but he does not understand. After such a tempest has once swept through the soul the victim is deaf to all human words. He into whose eyes the spirit has gazed too deeply is blind forever after.

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BROTHERS IN LENIN

BY NIKOLAI BUKHARIN

[We print the following extracts from an alleged letter by Bukharin, one of the most brilliant and courageous theorists of the Communist Party, to an intimate friend in the opposite revolutionary camp, with some doubt as to its authenticity — at least in the entire form as published. But *se non è vero è bene trovato;* and there is good reason to infer the genuineness of the passages quoted. The entire 'letter,' of which approximately three-fifths is given here, has been printed privately at Berlin, as a booklet under the title *Ibo ia bolshevik* — 'Since I am a Bolshevik.']

Kremlin, Moscow (*date illegible*)

My dearest Exile!

You are quite incorrigible. Neither the threat of execution, nor a long exile in Siberia where we had put you regardless of your title of 'Member of the Moscow Soviet,' nor yet your final exile into 'the rotten West' and your homesickness for dear old Moscow, have made you sensible. On one hand, I admire your consistency, but I see clearly now that there is not room for both of us under the Russian sun. . . .

And yet — do you remember how often we have had heart-to-heart talks together, although I knew that you were a counter-revolutionary and that my frankness toward you was a breach of Party discipline? Yet I could not help taking refuge occasionally in your little corner of another world, with the oil lamp before the sacred images and yourself poring over the mystical abracadabra of Vladimir Soloviov and Jacob Boehme, whom no one else will give a glance in these days. Do you remember how I used to tell you anecdotes of Soviet and Communist Party real life — incidents that unfortunately were no fairy tales, though they invariably sounded like the poorest sort of jokes? . . . I often feared lest Cheka agents might come for you with a search warrant, as they often did, and find one of the 'leaders of the world revolution' at your apartment. Telephones would ring crazily all over Moscow trying to locate me so as to drag me to another night session of the Central Executive Committee; and Iliich [Lenin] would curse in true boatswain style when they reported to him that I was 'nowhere to be found.'

Obviously, these talking-spells were a mere human weakness of mine. But does not your Dostoevskii say, through the lips of his drunken Marmeladov: 'But, sir, everyone must be able to go away somewhere; because there are times when one must go away, at any cost, no matter where!'

Yes — we all are like Marmeladov, drunk, some with wine, others with illusions, and others with blood. So now that a mutual friend of ours is going abroad to recuperate after a few years of Soviet paradise, I long 'to go away' to you; and I beg him to take this letter — probably the last I shall ever write you — and to put it in your own hands. It must be done cautiously, so as to avoid the ubiquitous eye of Felix Dzerzhinskii, who, by the way, is now suffering from the deep Communist hypochondria that afflicts all of us since Lenin died.

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How glad I am that you are not here! Nasty times: we are compelled to throw fat bones now and then to the insatiable 'lower strata' of the Party, who have been forced to fast severely since we started the 'New Economic Policy.' We cannot do otherwise, for if we did, all of this Communist scum would turn against the Communist system we have erected, and we should be thrown out, instead of fighting on for the world's social revolution — which, by the way, is coming confoundedly slow! We have 'done' in fine shape those simpletons — or greedy gulls — who trusted to our earnest professions of tolerating trade and speculation. Now we are tossing them to the Communist helots to be devoured, although we originally encouraged these speculators in order to exploit, and not to kill them. With one hand we beckon to foreign capital, with the other we strangle domestic capital; because, if we did otherwise, we should ourselves be strangled.

Nasty times! If Lenin himself, whose slow embalming has been such a bother to us and such a profitable enterprise for the embalmers, should rise again, I am sure he would only curse like a pirate, in the style of a ten-year-old boy from the League of Communist Youth, but would be helpless to remedy the situation.

Yet — who knows? Perhaps he would be the only man able to find a way out of this devilish cobweb. For it is all wrong for you to call him a third-rate prophet. He was of course a home-made theorist, no question about that; and his Marxism, to-day called Leninism, was a poor mixture of Blanqui, Bakunin, Pugachov, and something borrowed from Fedjka, Dostoevskii's desperado. I grant you also that his philosophical processes were something to be laughed at, and that his book *Materialism and Empirism* is a masterpiece only of obtuse efforts to think abstractly. It is also true that I frequently used to expose his ignorance of economics to the great terror of the Party Synod, and that only our bought and hired professors can write differently of him.

But on the other hand, have I not always insisted on other things, which even Zinoviev confirms — Zinoviev, with whom I refuse to shake hands in spite of all my Party discipline, and never will, even though they should threaten me with an 'indefinite leave of absence'?

Did I not tell you that in the summer of 1917, when many of us Bolsheviki were clamoring that we should surrender to Kerenskii, get arrested, publicly disclaim the story of our German espionage, and preach Bolshevist truths from the defendants' bench, it was Lenin who stopped us, called us fools, and predicted that power would be in our hands inside two or three months?

Have I not told you that when everyone, even Trotskii, insisted that the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was impossible, it was Lenin alone who forced us to sign 'the obscene peace,' predicting the downfall of Wilhelm and a revolution in Germany?

Remember! When all of us stuck, like a flock of sheep, to our 'war-time Communism,' and were for summarily executing any peasant who refused to give up all his grain, it was Lenin who saw that every sunrise was bringing us one day nearer our destruction, and compelled us to change our economic course.

Who, if not he, dared to proclaim the New Economic Policy, to the utter terror of us pure Communists, and thereby saved the Party?

Who but Lenin, having gotten all the use he could out of our Social-Revolutionary and Menshevik opponents, knocked them on the heads, and discussed measures even with us Bolshe-

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viki only after he had already made his decisions? 'You don't want to?' he used to thunder. 'Good, go to the Devil. I'm tired of you, and I'm going away to the country.' This 'I'm going away to the country' was our worst bugbear — worse than Denikin. And so we submitted in silence, — in spite of theory, Party programme, and the rest, — and the results were splendid!

Do you remember how you and I once met in a pitch-dark street? — those were days when even the Central Executive Committee held its sessions by the light of a single sixteen-candle-power lamp. Denikin was at Tula, only a hundred miles from Moscow. Our grips were packed and our pockets bulged with forged passports and traveling-funds. I, a great lover of birds, thought seriously of choosing Argentina as my future home, because of its abundance of parrots. Lenin — and he alone! — was perfectly calm, and said — or rather prophesied: 'The situation is —' he used words I cannot repeat. 'It has never been worse. But we have always been lucky, and we shall be lucky this time.'

And when the infernal ring of the blockade tightened so that we thought of capitulating and asking for mercy, who but Lenin kept saying that the blockade would soon burst asunder and in a short time he would be discussing the situation peacefully with European diplomats? His optimistic prophecies were without end, and from them we drew our strength and our faith, even when foolish facts knocked over all our plans twenty times a day.

Oh, yes! . . . If only Lenin were with us! I have always said that the most terrible and the most counter-revolutionary thing in the world — more counter-revolutionary even than yourself — was Death. Unless a remedy is found for this pug-nosed Menshevik Death, there is little sense even in bringing about a World Union of Socialist Republics. Immortality is the chief — although unwritten — point of our programme. I tell this to you — I, the author of it!

And so, we are in a wilderness, and without a leader. Judge for yourself —

Stalin — zero. He sees the salvation in one million more — how many will that make? — one million more dead bodies.

Kamenev — another zero. He teaches us how to sit comfortably between two chairs.

Krupskaia — a zero and a dunce, whom we have permitted, for the satisfaction of our 'lower Party strata,' to advertise her Herostratic exploits such as burning libraries and suppressing schools, supposedly after the teaching of Iliich. For, you know, anything can be credited to the dead who 'have no shame.'

Zinoviev — permit me not to speak of Zinoviev.

Rykov — also a zero. He has even lost his gift of witticism, his only gift whether drunk or sober; which loss is much to the liking of Lunacharskii, whom he used to call Luna-Park-skii, and also something funnier and worse: or instead of calling him *narkom* ['people's commissioner' in Bolshevist jargon] he called him *narkomik*, or 'people's clownlet.'

Dzerzhinskii is a zero in everything except the Cheka or GPU, and so he converts anything that we entrust to him — railways and what not — into departments of the GPU.

I myself? — my dear friend, I, too, am a zero if you take me off the platform or away from the writing-desk and put me to real work. I know it, and therefore never accept any 'business posts' — the more so as I happen to have Spartan tastes and no liking for embezzlement.

I know, you are waiting for a word

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about Trotskii. But he too has always been a zero politically, and will remain so to the end of his days — even if destiny were to make him dictator.

In the first place, Trotskii, who did not join our Party until the eve of his triumph, when it became the only organization that promised a career, never had anything Communistic in him; that is why Lenin was right again in disliking and distrusting him.

You say he created the Red Army? Enough of that talk. First of all, if you want to know the truth, we have no army, unless by army you mean parades, demonstrations against world imperialism, and punitive expeditions at home. A prominent German general, whom we asked to take charge of our military instruction, came to Moscow, looked things over, waved his hand, and said something that was not flattering and is not fit to repeat on paper. And did not Trotskii himself say once that his Red Army was like a radish, red on the outside, but white inside? It is not without significance, in my opinion, that Sergei Sergeevich Kamenev, the actual military head of the army and an old-time officer, has never joined the Communist Party, and keeps twisting his magnificent moustache with a silence that seems to hide a great deal.

There is no greater coward than Trotskii. That is why he so loves loud, boastful — and always cold and artificial — talk and demagogic slogans. By the way, he sometimes gets lost in these, as when, for instance, he, to our great and general confusion, cited in one of his army and navy orders the words of Jesus to Judas Iscariot — forgetting their source and meaning: 'That thou doest, do quickly.'

Recall our famous debate on trade-unions, which threatened to cause a Party schism and to put Trotskii in the place of Lenin. Indeed that was the real issue at stake, hidden under a heap of theoretical rubbish. Trotskii actually commanded a majority in that Party Congress, because the Party had not been sufficiently vigilant and the wrong local representatives had been 'elected'; but at the last moment he was frightened by the prospect of power and responsibility, and shamefully took to cover.

Or remember his latest exploit, his book, which was a breach of Party discipline. It cost his supporters dearly, for at the critical moment he deserted them. He might without difficulty have sat in the place of the dictator, for the 'lower Party strata,' as well as the army, were for him. But he could not conquer his cowardice, and took 'a leave of absence, for his health,' in the distant Caucasus at the order of 'the triumvirate,' there to spend his time shooting crows, in imitation of Nicholas II — he always imitates someone. Later he came back to Moscow like an obedient lamb and resumed his belligerent talk again, threatening war on Europe and what not — in imitation, I believe, of Paul I.

He is as cold as an icicle, and only naïve people mistake his false pathos and his boldness for 'the sacred fire of revolution.' Do you remember how this talking machine stood on the stage of the Great Theatre and received the ovations of the huge audience: nose in the air and the face of a mummy — and not a nod of his head! Not a sign of response!

Compare this with Iliich, who used to say so simply, like a child: 'My dear friends, this and this is my opinion. I know I'm right. You don't agree? So much the worse for you, because I shall act as I think best, and not as you wish. Good-bye.'

I hardly think it worth my while to speak of the fourth-rate ones — Krassin, Krestinskii, who failed to control

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his fellows in his trade-delegation, and so on. Because then, I'm afraid, I might have to pollute the paper with the name of Steklov, the editorial writer.

They are nonentities; but as to our so-called 'young guards,' our League of Communist Youth, our 'Lenin pioneers,' our 'converts' from other political Parties, and our imported foreign sweethearts, — for we have a great plenty of them, — they are not merely zeros, they are negative quantities, and such serious drawbacks to the cause that we puzzle helplessly what to do with them.

And as to thieving! *Donnerwetter*, how they do steal!

Here we come to a devilish puzzle. Why is it that persons who only a short while ago sacrificed their all to their convictions, and lived like your church ascetics, have suddenly conceived a taste for sumptuous homes — not apartments, not even twenty-room apartments, but residences of the most luxurious sort, champagne, gay female companions, private trains, 'thirty-five thousand servants' merely to run their errands? And their wives will have nothing less than diamonds the size of hazelnuts, — 'a crown jewel, if possible' is the way they put it, — and ten gowns a month from Paris, or at least — with a sour mien — from the great Lamanova. Why is it that so-and-so, after years of a half-starved revolutionary life with his homely but loyal Communist helpmate, when he would readily have given the Party everything he owned, even a million ruble legacy if he had received it, must now move into a palatial residence on the Povarskaia, divorce his Communist wife, 'sign up at the Commissariat' with a seventeen-year-old beauty overloaded with paint and perfumery, and trade briskly in his calling-cards: 'Dear Nicolas, please do this and that for X., who has always been a friend of the Revolution'; or: 'Dear Felix, please let so-and-so out of prison. I know he is perfectly trustworthy.' The whole country is being governed by means of these calling-cards, which are bought at fabulous prices such as only the rarest autographs command.

The Party stinks to Heaven!

Have I not heard voices raised in defense of 'self-support,' as they call it, as no sin? Do they not make a shrewd distinction between 'bribery' as something received in return for favors that are contrary to law, and this 'self-support' extorted from the new bourgeoisie for things that are perfectly lawful, like a gift! . . . . O Marxian dialectics! That is where they have led us. *Vox populi* justly calls us a gang of cheats — myself included, although you know that money means nothing to me, that I do not care for comfort, that revolution is all in all for me, that I would gladly drown my own dear wife if the Revolution required it.

Then why do these Communists steal? It seems an inexorable law! I know your explanation, which you summed up in a word to the tribunal that tried you. 'Where there is dirt, there will be vermin,' you said. But you must not, you dare not, base such a generalization on a few special cases! Revolution is not dirt, it is sacred fire! Only give me a great, honest Revolutionary-Communist! 'There is no such thing,' you tell me. You lie — you should be shot for it!

'Russia is perishing!' you tell me — you, a Slavophil, you a believer in 'light from the East' and in the divine mission of our thankless fatherland. Of course, you are romantic. And so are we — only we write our creed, not with pen and ink, but with fire and sword, upon the scrolls of inexorable reality. Once, I remember, you drove me out of your room because, after a hot argu-

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ment, I admitted to you that we have no 'Soviet Government,' no 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' no trust in our Party as a whole — that all we have is a small group of leaders of the coming world revolution. You then compared me to the 'devils' of Dostoevskii — at which I, losing patience, retorted that unfortunately we could not execute Dostoevskii. Yes, I repeat even now, and with pleasure, that we certainly would have executed Dostoevskii, and that we should have dealt no more gently with Tolstoi, had he broken loose in our days, as he did under the Tsar, with that pamphlet of his '*I Cannot Remain Silent.*' But now I shall assert something even worse than that.

Russia? What is Russia?

To you the word symbolizes a high mystery. To you Russia is a text engraved on the throne of your God, who is a cosmic monarch with no use for constitutional government, 'Six letters of fire and blood — six steps to the divine glory.' To me, however, it is but a geographical conception that we have succeeded in abolishing without the least harm to the Revolution — a word that we have relegated to the musty archives of the past where it belongs. To me modern Russia — that is, the S. S. S. R. — is the accidental bivouac of the Central Committee of the Third International.

Do you remember your own letter to Lenin, which you wrote in 1921, like a people's deputy, in the naïve belief that Lenin, as formerly our own beloved Tsar, was surrounded by bad advisers who would not let him see the truth? We all laughed heartily when we read your kind-hearted stupidities, with which you tried to explain to us what Russia really is and what her destiny will be. Yes, at that time you believed in Lenin. That Byzantine-Moscovite romanticism of yours was the same as that nursed by all Russians throughout their stupid history.

No, my dear youngster, Lenin and all of us — the leaders — understand the Russian reality as well as you do. And as to knowing it — why, our Felix has put two Chekists behind each citizen! We certainly know Holy Russia's people, at least, better than you do.

You may be proud. Iliich read your letter to the last syllable, and do you want to know what he said? 'He must be a good man. A great pity he is not with us.' Then he coughed, cleared his throat, and added: 'And a clever man — very clever — but a fool!'

How can you fail to understand that Russia, — which to you is an end in itself, — interests us only in so far as it gives us means and materials for the world revolution? What we need for that is a more or less secure roof over our heads, and then money — all the money we can get.

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IN THE HOUSE OF THE MUFTI[1]

A VISIT TO A MACEDONIAN HAREM

BY THEODOR BERKES

[THEODOR BERKES is the veteran Balkan correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who has lately been on a special journey through Macedonia.]

IN order to shield their women from chance glances, the Turks, when they still ruled Macedonia, forbade the construction of windows on the street side of houses, and so the Albanian and Turkish *mahalas* (city quarters), unless they were part of the *charchija*, or business section, still have a dead and dreary outward aspect. The narrow streets are long rows of towering clay walls, and only here and there in this gray waste does the gable of one of the houses become visible.

The lady who was my traveling companion was also disillusioned by the colorless clay of the Orient, and her curious, penetrating woman's eyes wanted to pierce the wall behind which the Turkish custom concealed the interesting trousers-wearing members of her own sex — secluded far from the glance of every man, and even from the glance of other women. But though these walls were only clay, they did not part, and the little wooden doors that opened quickly here and there, and just as quickly closed, by no means satisfied these curious eyes. What was there to do?

Our Albanian friend in upper Tonus detected the discontent of my companion and, gallant squire of dames that he was, fell to thinking how he might satisfy her wish. Presently came the son-in-law of the mufti himself, wearing the *keche*, or white Albanian cap of felt, and laying his hand to his mouth, to his eyes, and to his forehead as a greeting, he said in Albanian, '*Mir se vjen!*' (welcome). We replied, like men of the world, '*Tu ngat jeta!*' and then, with a '*Lutem Zotni!*' we all went to the house of the mufti.

Not even the mufti's house, however, would admit us behind its clay walls immediately, and when at length we stood before them we had still to wait some time on the other side of the street. A little Turkish boy was first sent into the house to bear word of our coming, and also of course to bear word that men were in the party. When the youngster at length came back we went in through the street door, to find ourselves in a little courtyard, but still surrounded by clay walls, — on which tobacco leaves were hung to dry, — forming part of a little house into which, at right angles, led a flight of wooden steps. The mufti's son-in-law told us that this was the *selamlik*, the men's house, and then he went on into it through a little door. Here was a surprise for all of us. Now we had stepped into a magnificent big garden in which little streams of water bubbled and gurgled, while a lusty swarm of bees was humming about the hives. After the grayness of the clay walls this

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *January* 11

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garden seemed like a little marvel of color and sunshine. Shrubs were in bloom; flowers gave off their perfume; ancient trees threw their shadow, and through the branches of a large beech, which seemed to exhale comfort, we saw a large white house.

'The *haremlik!*' whispered our leader, and as we walked toward the house we seemed to hear feminine drapery hurrying like a flock of frightened birds off the wide balcony and deep into the interior of the house.

Men in the harem? It gave me visions of cold steel between the ribs merely to think of it. But the mufti's son-in-law strolled unconcernedly ahead, first taking off his shoes, into the vestibule adorned with carpets, and big as a hall in itself; while we did the same. The luxury which we had already found in the garden increased as we made our way through numerous open doors that led out on the side, and we had the impression of more and more luxury as we went up a flight of stairs and into a special balcony-room. The balcony was raised in front of us and was connected with the garden by a lower gallery with carved wood and flowers as ornaments. The fragrance of the garden came up into the house. The sunbeams pierced through the branches of the beech, and golden spots of light danced over the gay carpet with all its silk embroidered cushions. Here, as a usual thing, the ladies of the harem sat, but we had frightened them away from their carpets and their cushions. We strolled into one of the adjoining rooms, and as we did so the mufti's son-in-law set himself squarely across the door through which our entrance was forbidden. We were in the mufti's own room now, and there was no mistaking that here the mufti received his wives. The woodwork of the room was artistically carved, and between the carpets with which the walls were hung there were endless texts from the Koran, carefully painted and illuminated. Little intimate windows opened out on the garden, and on the long side of the wall there was a little raised fireplace, almost Gothic, with slender pillars. On the carved shelves that ran about the room were all the utensils that a Turkish household needs: there were about twelve *sahans* — those big, deep copper bowls with tin lining in which a rich host will often offer his guests some forty different dishes; spoons of wood and horn up above, which the orthodox Moslem still uses even to-day instead of knife and fork; innumerable little cups for the thick Turkish coffee; numerous drinking-glasses and silvered candlesticks. In the wainscoting were little doors behind which were huge closets to receive the bolsters and silken quilts that the Turks and Albanians spread out on the big carpet and use for beds. It makes hospitality simpler than with us, for in this way any Turkish house can receive any number of guests at any hour. To rest in the daytime, however, they use the *mindelik* — little structures like sofas, placed along the walls in the room and strewn with carpets and silken cushions. In the corner hung the gold-mounted wall-clock with Turkish figures on the dial, and close beside it on the floor stood the *mangal*, the big copper basin in which the charcoal fire is lighted. Not a table or chair is to be seen in the room, and at meals they bring in a big table with Lilliputian legs, no more than a foot high, which at other times hangs outside on the kitchen wall.

The Turkish boy appeared and took the lady who was with me to call upon the ladies of the house. Meantime behind the closed door we men conversed, drank mocha out of little cups, cracked the nutlike *kikiriki*, took fruit from silver bowls, and sliced big sweet

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melons. Conversation lagged, and — as in a Turkish house it is not etiquette to ask after the health of the wives — there was not much warmth in it. In the house of the mufti conversation was doubly hampered, as it was a little difficult to ask how the host himself was, since he happened to be in a very disagreeable place. We were told that a month before the Serbians had thrown the white-bearded, seventy-year-old Mufti Hadji Rustem Shporta into prison, and that they were going to try him on the charge of having instigated the killing of two Christian engineers.

My companion dallied in the women's quarters through the smoking of many nargile pipes, while we sat with our legs crossed and took our ease in Oriental fashion. But what was that? Was there not the rustling of women's garments in the next room? The son-in-law grew restless, and put his back closer to the door. Yes, there was a rustling of women's clothes. From afar we could even hear feminine laughter. Was there not a rustle in the walls too, and were no curious eyes surveying us through hidden peepholes in the walls? The son-in-law grew still more nervous on his carpet, and we, too, found it difficult to maintain an air of somnolent indifference to the world.

Presently we were standing outside again, among the flowers of the garden and in the sunny hallway, while we cast a last glance caressingly over the pleasant house, clean as a splinter within and without, and toward the gayly colored balcony from which once more we could hear feminine garments flutter, though hidden from our eyes. The lady who was with me was full to the brim of experiences, and feminine delight shone from her feverishly sparkling eyes and from cheeks ruddy with excitement. They had managed to understand each other with hands and eyes and feet, and stammering efforts to converse, and had had a royal good time. Feminine curiosity on both sides had full sway, and while the Turkish women, strangers to the world, searched the handbag of their foreign visitor to its innermost corners, and while they tried on European clothes and experimented with cosmetics, she, the foreign woman, had fumbled with just as much keenness and curiosity through the brightly colored old trunks in which lay the rich clothing of the harem women with its gold and silver embroidery. The richness of the ladies' clothing was unbelievable, so adorned was it with gold and silver; and the old gold coins alone, with which the colored headdresses were adorned, amounted to a fortune. The women had heaps of hand-embroidered kerchiefs mountain-high, and the European lady had received a souvenir in the form of a curious piece of handwork, a carefully wrought flower.

As she stepped into the women's quarters, so my companion told me, the young women came joyously to meet her and led her over to an old lady who was sitting on a cushion. There were one old woman and four young ones in the room, besides three young girls and four little children, and the women told her that usually several families of close relatives lived together — sometimes there were fifty or sixty persons, and of course it was difficult for all to get along together. To-day the ladies were wearing simple clothing, and instead of shoes they were wearing coarse embroidered overstockings. Were they beautiful? Hardly, according to European standards; but there were some young girls whom one might almost call lovely. They take special pains in the care of their hands. The finger-nails were, of course, stained with henna. All the ladies wore their hair covered with cloths, and explained

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that a Moslem woman would rather expose her bosom than her hair. Careless, almost childlike, gayety reigned in the harem, and they discoursed of feminine intimacies with great pleasure on both sides. Yet, whenever they could hear a sound from without, a shadow seemed to fall across the room. In terror lest men should enter, the young girls ran like frightened birds to the door and held it fast. Once the son-in-law came into the room, and all the women kissed his hands with the most servile submissiveness.

These women of the harem grow old very quickly. At twenty they are already faded, while at forty they are old. In an out-of-the-way town like Prizren the visit of a foreigner was a great event, and that was why they had detained the foreign lady for almost two hours.

In a garden under the mild sky of the Orient we talked pro and con about love and women in the Orient. Love? There is no such thing for the Moslem woman, and there cannot be. The young girl waits, with no great expectation of love, for the man whom she must marry unseen, and she takes up her life in the harem because it is an old custom. This life, they may think fatalistically, is not very agreeable, but it is so, and not otherwise. The man whom they are to marry goes to the mufti, concludes a bargain, and deposits a small sum — enough for a few weeks. If he is willing to lose this amount, he may make up his mind either way. The life of the Moslem woman is very limited, and even a divorced woman can marry again only if her previous husband permits; but if the husband has died, the older brother of the husband then has the first right.

The marriage customs themselves are quite different from those in the West. The chosen wife is taken to her husband's haremlik on the wedding day. She makes a symbolic bow at the chamber, that she may long remain at the house, and she prays Allah to give her love. Then she daubs her face thickly with white, creamy paste, paints red figures on it, and sticks lead coins on her face. Thus she waits with downcast eyes, half stuck-together with the coins, for the man who comes late in the evening from where he has been feasting with his friends. He lifts her veil, washes the salve from her face in the bath of the house, and now knows for the first time whom it is he has married.

There was much to be said by both parties, and enlightened Moslems told us that all these customs are highly uncivilized. Mohammed did not demand them, and Kemal Pasha had, God be praised, cast them aside. In Stamboul, both veil and harem were now abandoned, and women there are receiving the same treatment as men. They no longer hide their beauty and youth in sackcloth and ashes as they do here in Macedonia; nor need they walk behind the horse of the husband. At length we came to the psychological problem of the jealous Moslem husband. As the freedom of the Moslem woman grows, the harem will soon disappear with its lord — a figure more comic than romantic.

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MODERN IDEAS IN EVOLUTION[1]

BY L. H.

THE recent visit of Dr. Kammerer to this country and the appearance of a popular brochure on heredity have been accepted in certain sections of the press as earnest that biological science is returning to the Lamarckian fold and once more embracing the inheritance of acquired characters. It is perhaps natural that such a misunderstanding should exist. Though we should treat the reflections of a film star on astronomy with the respect they merit, we experience no surprise when a popular playwright indulges his incorrigible amateurishness in a preface on the evolution theory. This is partly because the study of inheritance has only during the last three decades attained to that precision which gives it priority as an exact science over other branches of biological knowledge; and few people as yet can be expected to realize that a reputation for biological investigation in other fields can no longer be accepted as a guaranty of expert opinion. The truth is that genetics, the scientific study of inheritance, has in extending its operations become more and more detached from the general body of biological inquiry, and the men who have preëminently contributed to this extension — Bateson, Morgan, Punnett, Goldschmidt, and others — have been too busy replacing the folklore of the Lamarckian and Darwinian periods with mathematical expressions of direct experiment on hereditary transmission to attempt any all-embracing presentation of the way in which living creatures have evolved.

The exact study of heredity begins with the experiments of a brilliant contemporary of Darwin, the Abbé Mendel, whose work lay for many years unrecognized, till his principles were independently rediscovered by three Continental workers in the opening years of the twentieth century. Since then it has become the basis of all subsequent investigation on profitable lines. The essence of Mendel's method is simple to grasp. Instead of comparing the offspring and parents as a whole, he concentrated attention on individual characteristics as the unit, and in making his crosses employed individuals which had bred pure for generations for the characteristic whose transmission was being studied. In this way he found that, when parents showing a particular character were mated with parents which did not show it, the distribution of the character among succeeding generations of the cross regularly followed a definite rule. In the simplest case it works out in this way. When the first crossbred generation are all alike and when individuals of this generation are mated *inter se*, those of the next generation fall into three categories in predictable numerical proportions: one half are impure, and breed like their parents of the first generation; the other half are pure, and fall into equal groups, one resembling the father, the other the mother, of the original cross. Mendel was thus led to conceive of the characters of an

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent-Liberal daily), *January* 2

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individual as the expression of material factors of which one is contributed by the mother and one by the father. If when the egg or sperms are formed these material entities (genes they are called nowadays) are separately distributed, the proportions and types which arise in crosses between individuals of different characters follow from the laws of probability and may be predicted with as much confidence as, say, the action of chloroform on the human heart.

When Mendel's researches were rescued from their obscurity times were more propitious to an appreciation of their significance. For microscopists probing into the secrets of the 'cells' or microscopic bricks of which our tissues are made had revealed in them the presence of material bodies, the chromosomes, which do in fact behave in a manner precisely corresponding to that of Mendel's hypothetical factors. Had Mendel been less fortunate in selecting character differences which depend on single genes his discovery would have been delayed; but the stimulus of his lead urged others to continue. Through the labors of Correns, Bateson, and others the applicability of Mendel's law to the unraveling of an immense diversity of hereditary qualities in animals and plants increasingly encouraged the belief that the most seemingly obscure phenomena would, if patiently analyzed by the experimental method which Mendel introduced, fall into line with the Mendelian law. And to-day we can confidently state that there is no type of hereditary characteristic — color, weight, size, number of parts, and so forth — for which Mendelian inheritance has not been proved to hold good when sufficient trouble has been taken to ascertain all the facts. Some most spectacular advances have centred in the analysis of sex, which has been discussed in past issues of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Till twelve years ago genetical investigation had been hampered greatly by the difficulty of getting satisfactory animals or plants for experiment. To be satisfactory for the purpose of the geneticist a species must breed prolifically and rapidly in the laboratory, and there must be a sufficient variety of true-breeding character-differences among its members. In 1912 Morgan, of Columbia University, observed that the fruit fly Drosophila produces frequent sports or *mutants*. It breeds prolifically, its life cycle is complete in ten days, and it will live happily in a glass bottle with a supply of fermenting bananas. Furthermore it possesses a very small number of chromosomes (four pairs). The rapidity with which it breeds makes it possible to rear more generations of Drosophila in twelve months than of human beings in five centuries. It had been shown prior to Morgan's work that some characters are transmitted together — that is to say, they depend on factors which reside in the same material unit. Morgan's great discovery, based on the study of about five hundred characters, in all cases transmitted according to Mendel's law, was that all the characters of Drosophila fall into a number of groups the members of which tend to be transmitted together, exactly corresponding to the number of pairs (four) of maternal and paternal chromosomes in the cells of the body; and later he was able to arrive at a mathematical expression for the actual arrangement of the hereditary factors in the microscopic chromosomes. These expressions can be and have been successfully put to experimental test.

The outcome of this work has been important in its bearings on the problems of stock-breeding and agriculture; and America has not been slow to show

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its appreciation by endowments which place the American geneticist in a position of considerable advantage over his European colleagues. As yet the geneticist is content to press on with his analysis to a further knowledge of how new true-breeding types appear as sports or *mutants*, rather than formulate ambitious hypotheses of the evolutionary process. Two things can, however, be said with confidence.

First, that the exact study of heredity has not given any encouragement for regression to the view that environmental influences operating on the parent can induce corresponding changes in the offspring. There is no more justification for this view to-day than when Weismann forty years ago challenged its advocates to produce any. On the contrary, the constancy which a new true-breeding or *mutant* character displays in experimental conditions makes the Lamarckian view less acceptable than it ever was.

The second conclusion which may be drawn from recent research is that Darwin's view of natural selection appears as an *argumentum ad hominem* elaborated to meet objections that were invalid and founded on premises that are unsound. In Darwin's time ideas of hereditary transmission were vague. It was not till fifteen years after the publication of the *Origin of Species* that the origin of a new individual from a single sperm and a single egg-cell was conclusively proved.

To Darwin's contemporaries it seemed evident that, if the results of crossing were generally intermediate between the parents, new types must always be swamped out of existence in the long run. Darwin's critics argued that if a black parent mated with white produces gray offspring, gray mated with black must produce darker gray, and so on, so that if a white individual turned up in the normal course of events its distinguishing quality would be diluted out of existence in a few generations. Darwin replied that this was not so if white had an advantage over black in the struggle for existence. Darwin's natural selection was invented to counteract the 'swamping' argument. But the conception of swamping is a false one. Mendelian experiment shows that if two types are crossed it is always theoretically possible to recover both parental types in their original purity in the second generation. We no longer need a theory of natural selection to account for the persistence of new types. Natural selection is simply concerned with eliminating those that are not good enough to live.

Thus the position of the evolutionary hypothesis has been strengthened by modern research. The evolutionary hypothesis still remains the most plausible account of how living creatures have come into being in the history of the earth. But the problem of sterility, why some forms can interbreed and others cannot, is as yet but little understood, though there have been hopeful advances of late in this field. The experimental foundations of evolutionary theory will not be firmly established till we can produce in the laboratory *mutants* which refuse to interbreed. This may now be a *fait accompli* in a few years. For the present the geneticist is content to confine his inquiries to a closer understanding of the hereditary mechanism.

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FEAR[1]

BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I WAS staying a night with him on the road. The mission stood on a little hill just outside the gates of a populous city. The first thing I noticed about him was the difference of his taste. The missionary's house, as a rule, is furnished in a style which is almost an outrage to decency. The parlor, with its air of an unused room, is papered with a gaudy paper; and on the wall hang texts, engravings of sentimental pictures, 'The Soul's Awakening' and Luke Fildes' 'The Doctor'; or, if the missionary has been long in the country, congratulatory scrolls on stiff red paper. There is a Brussels carpet on the floor, rocking-chairs if the household is American, and a stiff armchair on each side of the fireplace if it is English. There is a sofa which is so placed that nobody sits on it, and by the grim look of it few can want to. There are lace curtains at the windows. Here and there are occasional tables on which are photographs, and whatnots with modern porcelain on them. The dining-room has an appearance of more use, but almost the whole of it is taken up by a large table, and when you sit at it you are crowded into the fireplace. But in Mr. Wingrove's study there were books from floor to ceiling, a table littered with papers, curtains of a rich green stuff, and over the fireplace a Tibetan banner. There was a row of Tibetan Buddhas on the chimney piece.

'I don't know how it is, but you 've got just the feeling of college rooms about the place,' I said as I looked about the study.

'Do you think so?' he answered soberly. 'I was a tutor at Oriel.'

He was a man of nearly fifty, I should think, tall and well covered, though not stout, with gray hair, cut very short, and a reddish face. One imagined that he must be a jovial man, fond of laughter, an easy talker and a good fellow. But his eyes disconcerted you. They were grave and unsmiling; they had a look that I could only describe as harassed. I wondered if I had fallen upon him at an inconvenient moment, when his mind was taken up with irksome matters; yet somehow I felt that this was not a passing expression, but a settled one rather, and I could not understand it. He had just that look of anxiety which you see in certain forms of heart disease. He chatted about one thing and another, then he said: —

'I hear my wife come in. Shall we go into the drawing-room?'

He led me in, and introduced me to a thin little woman, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a shy manner. It was plain that she belonged to a different class from her husband. Mr. Wingrove was a gentleman, though it was evident that his wife was not a lady. She had a common intonation. The drawing-room was furnished in a way I had never before seen in a missionary's house. There was a Chinese carpet on the floor. Chinese pictures, old ones, hung on the yellow walls. Two or three Ming tiles gave a dash of color. In the

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *October* 25

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middle of the room was a blackwood table, elaborately carved, and on it was a figure in white porcelain. I made a trivial remark.

'I don't much care for all these Chinese things meself,' answered my hostess briskly, 'but Mr. Wingrove's set on them.'

I laughed, though not because I was amused; and then I caught in Mr. Wingrove's eyes a flash of icy hatred, so that I was astonished. But it passed.

'We won't have them if you don't like them, my dear,' he said gently.

'Oh, I don't mind them.'

We began to talk about my journey, and in the course of conversation I happened to ask Mr. Wingrove how long it was since he had been in England.

'Seventeen years,' he said.

I was surprised.

'But I thought you had one year's furlough every seven?'

'Yes, but I have n't cared to go.'

'Mr. Wingrove thinks it 's bad for the work to go away for a year like that,' explained his wife.

I wondered how it was that he had ever come to China. The actual details of the call fascinate me, and often enough you find people who are willing to talk of it, though you have to form your own opinion on the matter less from the words they say than from the implications of them; but I did not feel that Mr. Wingrove was a man who would be induced either directly or indirectly to speak of that intimate experience. He evidently took his work very seriously.

'Are there other foreigners here?' I asked.

'No.'

'It must be very lonely,' I said.

'I think I prefer it so,' he answered, looking at one of the pictures on the wall. 'They'd only be business people, and you know' — he smiled — 'they have n't much use for missionaries. And they're not so intellectual that it is a great hardship to be deprived of their company.'

'And, of course, we're not really alone, you know,' said Mrs. Wingrove. 'We have two evangelists, and then there are two young ladies who teach.'

Tea was brought in, and we gossiped desultorily. Mr. Wingrove seemed to speak with effort, and I had increasingly that feeling in him of perturbed repression. He had pleasing manners, and was certainly trying to be cordial, and yet I had a sense of effort. I led the conversation to Oxford, mentioning friends whom he might know.

'It's so long since I left home,' he said, 'and I have n't kept up with anyone. There's a great deal of work in a mission like this, and it absorbs one.'

I thought he was exaggerating a little, so I remarked: —

'Well, by the number of books you have I take it that you get a certain amount of time for reading.'

'I very seldom read,' he answered with abruptness, in a voice that I knew already was not quite his own.

I was a little surprised, and now I began to be more puzzled. There was something odd about the man. At last, as was inevitable I suppose, he began to talk about the Chinese. Mrs. Wingrove said the same things about them that I had already heard so many missionaries say. They were a lying people, untrustworthy, cruel, and dirty; but a faint light was visible in the East. Though the results of missionary endeavor were not very noteworthy as yet, the future was promising. They no longer believed in their old gods, and the power of the literati was broken. It is an attitude of mistrust and dislike tempered by optimism. But Mr. Wingrove mitigated his wife's strictures. He dwelt on the good nature of the Chinese, on their devotion to their parents and their love for children.

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'Mr. Wingrove won't hear a word against the Chinese,' said his wife; 'he simply loves them.'

'I think they have great qualities,' he said. 'You can't walk through those crowded streets of theirs without having that impressed on you.'

'I don't believe Mr. Wingrove notices the smells.' His wife laughed.

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a young woman came in. She had the long skirts and the unbound feet of the native Christian, and on her face a look that was at once cringing and sullen. She said something to Mrs. Wingrove. I happened to catch sight of Mr. Wingrove's face. When he saw her, there passed over it an expression of the most intense physical repulsion. It was distorted as though by an odor that nauseated him, and then immediately the look vanished, and his lips twitched to a pleasant smile; but the effort was too great, and he showed only a tortured grimace. I looked at him with amazement. Mrs. Wingrove, with an 'Excuse me,' got up and left the room.

'That is one of our teachers,' said Mr. Wingrove in that same set voice which had puzzled me before. 'She's invaluable. I put infinite reliance on her. She has a very fine character.'

Then, I hardly know why, in a flash I saw the truth; I saw the disgust in his soul for all that his will loved. I was filled with the excitement that an explorer may feel when, after an arduous journey, he comes upon a country with features new and unexpected. Those tortured eyes explained themselves, the unnatural voice, the measured restraint with which he praised, that air he had of a hunted man. Notwithstanding all he said, he hated the Chinese with a hatred beside which his wife's distaste was insignificant. When he walked through the teeming streets of the city, it was an agony to him; his missionary life revolted him; his soul was like the raw shoulders of the coolies, and the carrying-pole burned the bleeding wound. He would not go home because he could not bear to see again what he cared for so much; he would not read his books because they reminded him of the life he loved so passionately; and perhaps he had married that vulgar wife in order to cut himself off more resolutely from a world that his every instinct craved. He martyred his tortured soul with a passionate exasperation.

I tried to see how the call had come. I think that for years he had been completely happy in his easy ways at Oxford, and he had loved his work, with its pleasant companionship, his books, his holidays in France and Italy. He was a contented man and asked nothing better than to spend the rest of his days in just such a fashion; but I know not what obscure feeling had gradually taken hold of him that his life was too lazy, too contented. I think he was always a religious man, and perhaps some early belief, instilled into him in childhood and long forgotten, of a jealous God who hated his creatures to be happy on earth, rankled in the depths of his heart; I think, because he was so well satisfied with his life, he began to think it was sinful. A restless anxiety seized him. Whatever he thought with his intelligence, his instincts began to tremble with the dread of eternal punishment. I do not know what put the idea of China into his head, but at first he must have thrust it aside with violent repulsion; and perhaps the very violence of his repulsion impressed the idea on him, for he found it haunting him. I think he said that he would not go, but I think he felt that he would have to. God was pursuing him, and wherever he hid himself God followed. With his reason

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he struggled, but with his heart he was caught. He could not help himself. At last he gave in.

I knew I should never see him again, and I had not the time to wait before a reasonable familiarity would permit me to talk of more intimate matters.

'Tell me,' I said, 'do you believe God will condemn the Chinese to eternal punishment if they don't accept Christianity?'

I am sure my question was crude and tactless, for the old man in him tightened his lips. But he answered: —

'The whole teaching of the Gospel forces one to that conclusion. There is not a single argument that people have adduced to the contrary which has the force of the plain words of Jesus Christ.

SANTA CLARA CONVENT[1]

BY WALTER ROBB

SANTA CLARA convent, at the northern terminus of Calle Cabildo and opposite the ordnance depot, figures prominently in Jose Rizal's novel, *The Social Cancer*, as the earthly refuge of the heroine, Maria Clara. Pursued by a love made forlorn, as Rizal would have it appear, by untoward religious scruples, Maria took the vows of a nun and immersed her life in the silence of the convent, where sorrow maddened her. To many Filipinos, Santa Clara convent is known as 'the house of the living death.' To prostrate the body in a coffin is a part of the ceremony of taking the veil and final vows. It is unquestionably true of Santa Clara convent, as of all others, that within its massive walls there lies buried many a romance such as Rizal describes, and the fragile spirits who were once grand actors in these affairs devote their days throughout the cloistered years to turning over the ashes of the dead and buried past. It is the lot they have chosen, an abnegation they have themselves laid upon soul and body, a penance taught them by devotion.

[1] From *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* (Manila trade monthly), *February*

The convent of Santa Clara was founded by nuns of the order from Toledo, Spain, in 1621. It covers two hundred thousand square feet of surface, and extends from Calle Cabildo eastward to the border of the block. South of it, long ago, was the military hospital, which was no doubt destroyed by earthquake and fire. The convent building is an austere, forbidding rectangular stone structure with typical tile roof. There is a chapel in connection with it, and a vicar's cottage on the south, religious administration of the Santa Clara nuns being under the monks of the Franciscan Order. With the founders from Toledo came four sisters of their order from Seville and one from Mexico. A tablet in the parish church of Sampalok, Manila, attests the fact that they were cared for there during the time the convent was being constructed, but the work was completed within the year of their arrival in Manila, thus giving the present structure an unbroken history of more than three centuries.

In 1851 the number of nuns was forty, but the community has grown since, it is believed, both in numbers

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and wealth. Formerly the income was two thousand pesos annually from the royal treasury in the islands and five hundred pesos rental from an *encomienda*, or estate. Now, however, various of the inmates have willed inheritances of considerable fortunes to the corporation, which must be self-sustaining. One such fortune was fifty thousand dollars gold. It was necessary, of course, for the young nun who bequeathed it to sign the will in the presence of legal witnesses. By absolution of the father confessor, she was permitted to raise her veil in the presence of her attorney, so that he might swear to her identity. Upon her lifting the veil, she was discovered to be very young, and of an aristocratic beauty ravishingly perfect. The gaze of magnetic cherubian orbs was kept demurely lowered, but the full lips of youth at the bloom could scarcely repress a smile. The attorney at least remembers the moment vividly, but with the signing of the papers a dainty hand lowered the veil immediately and a chastened heart turned away to penitent worship and a prayer for a re-cleansed soul.

By the north wall of Santa Clara convent runs Calle Almacenes, separating the convent from the ordnance section of Fort Santiago. Almacenes Street was the site of the royal market during the long period when the overseas commerce of the Philippines was a government monopoly. Here the wares from all the Orient were parceled and classified and baled and bought and bartered for shipment on the galleons plying between Manila and Acapulco. Such scenes! Such a clamor of merchandising at the very base of the silent wall — with fleets anchored in the river near by from Japan, China, India, and the Molukkas, and queues of busy and polyglot porters, waist-bare and burdened, these Malays with bundles of spices, those Japanese with Satsuma ware and silks, Chinese with gross packages of tea, Indians and Arabs with rugs and tapestries, now trailing from shipside to market, now trotting hurriedly back for another lot, and always scourged by the curses of the supercargo and the lash of the coolie boss!

At the market the usurer closed his deals with his merchant patrons. He often handled the confraternity funds, and neither doctrine nor frequent royal reprimand was sufficient to overcome the rigid law of supply and demand — assisted, as it was, on the supply side, by the constant monopoly. But all the tumult could not vault the convent walls, nor disturb the quiet isolation within them. On Calle Maestranza, leading into Almacenes, the world was no less present: here were metal dumps, and men moulding balls and casting canister for the arsenal stores west of the convent and for the caches at the guns of the fort.

The serene heights of the cloister overlooked all this. Now, in an age entirely changed by science and invention, the scenes are different. Soldiers divert themselves along Maestranza, just out of eyeshot of the fort. The cloister and the little veiled occupant of every cell must know the airs at least of the latest jazz-tunes, the echoes of raucous harmony from groups of bibulous soldiers vocal with the inspiration of bad but potent *vino*. Is this, on moonlit nights, disconcerting to a saintly ear? There are still sails in the river, myriads of them, but only those of 'little boats that keep near shore.' They traffic in gross products, not fine wares, which are better left to the custody of steel and steam.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA IN DANGER?

LONDON is not the only city of the Old World that is having trouble with its historic structure. Of late Pisa has been seriously concerned for the future fate of its celebrated leaning tower. The most alarming rumors gained credence as a result of an article by Mario Canavari, Professor of Geology in the University of Pisa, in the *Grande Illustrazione d'Italiá*, last January. Besides being a geologist, who might reasonably be supposed to know all about rock foundations, subsoils, and other topics of importance when ancient structures are under consideration, he had been a member of the commission appointed to examine the tower in 1923. At that time the report was, 'No change since 1914.' Professor Canavari, however, refused to believe the tower was safe.

The town fathers of Pisa promptly appointed another commission. Competent authorities in Pisa assert that although the tower has probably never been quite safe since it first began to lean, in the eleventh century, it is as safe now as it ever was. The 1925 experts confirm this by declaring there is no immediate danger, but they advise draining off the water which now fills the soil and favors further sinkage. The top of the tower is now fourteen feet out of the perpendicular.

Concern about the leaning tower seems to be almost as periodical as seventeen-year locusts. About a century ago someone in Pisa grew uneasy, and excavations were made at the base of the tower to permit examination of its foundations. Water promptly rose in the cavity thus left and formed a well, which did not add to the stability.

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A CROSSWORD FAILURE

THE London *Morning Post* prints this sad, sad story of a crossword puzzle that was never solved: —

'The other day in a public library,' writes a correspondent, 'I picked up a copy of a periodical in which some reader had been attempting to solve the crossword puzzle. One clue was, "a bird which never flies," and the word had to consist of seven letters. The solver had triumphantly written down O S T R A G E, and then abandoned the puzzle as a bad job.'

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF 'CARMEN'

ITALIAN papers are devoting special attention to the fiftieth anniversary of Bizet's *Carmen*, which was first produced on March 3, 1875. The composer's letters show, however, that he had been thinking about the opera for three years previously, ever since the unfavorable reception of his *Djamileh*, in which strict critics professed to discern traces of the influence of that iconoclastic fellow, Richard Wagner. Bizet took the matter to heart and decided to be conservative in the future; but, strange as it may seem to modern ears, even dear old *Carmen* at first appeared too much of an innovation.

French critics found a Wagnerian taint in it, too, and Du Locle, the director of the Opéra Comique, had moral scruples about the libretto, which led him to advise a Cabinet Minister to attend a rehearsal to make sure it was fit for family parties to witness! That

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same prudish M. Du Locle — not all prudes are Anglo-Saxon — described the music as 'cochinchinoise,' and averred that he could n't for the life of him make head or tail of it.

Carmen did not reach its hundredth performance until 1883. The first performance met with an icy reception, and there was no real triumph until December 1883. Between that date and 1920 there have been 1006 performances in Paris alone.

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THE HALF-DOZEN BEST TUNES

An enterprising Englishman, who conceals his identity behind the initials B. T., — doubtless because he fears the wrath of contemporary composers, — has made up a list of the 'Half-dozen Best Tunes.' Whoever he is, this daring individual is clearly a lover of melody, who looks upon harmony as a mere musical sidetrack. He complains bitterly in the columns of *T. P.'s Weekly* that 'tunes are to-day out of fashion among the younger composers,' and points out that 'all the music that has lived is melody,' while experiments in orchestration and cacophony, valuable though they may be to musicans, are perilously mortal.

And so B. T. has been trying an experiment. He went to four London literary men, none of them blessed with musical gifts, and asked each independently to make up a list of the six best tunes in the world. The strange thing is that the replies were fairly unanimous. From all four men he got only twelve titles, of which the following, in the order named, were the most popular: —

Aria on the G string — Bach
Ombra ma fui — Handel
Londonderry Air — Anon.
Voi che sapete — Mozart
Ave Maria — Schubert
Che faro — Gluck

One man wanted 'The Lass with the Delicate Air' included; another wanted 'Old Hundred.' A Scotchman asked for 'Loch Lomond,' and the Welshman of the quartette patriotically demanded 'Aberystwyth.' Still another asked for Haydn's 'Austrian Hymn,' and one unfortunate individual, who was covered with derision, asked for two of Verdi's melodies.

'We all loved Verdi,' said B. T., 'and because we loved and respected him, we could not subject him to competition with Handel and Mozart.'

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THE RETURN OF THE SICILIAN NATIVE

Two Sicilian dramatists, Savarino and Sclafani, have made a great success with a new play, *Mister John*, which narrates the adventures of a prosperous immigrant returning to his Sicilian home. 'Mister John,' the hero, began life as simple Giovanni in a little hamlet, but urged by ambition he emigrated to America, married his employer's daughter as all successful young men used to do, and became a prosperous family-man.

The fun starts when wealthy Mr. John conceives the unhappy idea of taking his family to visit his old father and mother, Sicilian peasants who have not grown any less conservative with advancing years. His daughters are now marriageable young ladies. His wife is still attractive. All three have been brought up to American standards, whose application to Sicily ends in turning the heads of a number of honest husbands and innocent youths, and transforming the village into a hornets' nest.

The gossip at length reaches Mr. John, who endeavors to put his foot down in the good old heavy-parent style, only to find his family laughing in his face. To save that same face, exit John hastily in the Columbus

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direction, taking family and his old parents with him. The old people don't want to go, but they cannot leave their boy.

The Sicilian actor Angelo Musco is said to have made a great success in the play.

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A 'NEGRO' MONTHLY

A MONTHLY magazine devoted to the Negro is the latest appearance in the Parisian journalistic world. 'Negro,' however, let us hasten to explain, is not a term applied to French citizens of African descent, but is Parisian slang phrase for unsuccessful writers who live by selling their manuscripts to wealthy ignoramuses who want to appear literary but don't know how to write.

Organization being the watchword of the day, even these pariahs of the pen have made up their minds to consolidate like the representatives of any other profession. The monthly is replete with advertisements like the following: —

> Author of five completely finished plays, ready for the stage, would sell same singly or together. Prices moderate. A business proposition, especially suitable for a wealthy young man wishing to gain a name.

A writer in the Italian newspaper, *La Stampa*, announces that he intends to find out whether the 'Negro' syndicate also furnishes themes for newspaper articles — 'in which case,' he says, 'I am going to subscribe in a hurry.'

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EVOLUTION AT WORK TO-DAY

THE skull of modern man — or at least of the modern Englishman — is changing, according to Sir Arthur Keith, the famous English anthropologist, who recently lectured at the Royal Institution. Sir Arthur described the results of comparisons between a series of ancient skulls and skulls of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The *Morning Post* gives the following summary of his remarks: —

Measurements made on living Englishmen led to the belief that the head-form had changed and was changing, becoming slightly shorter and slightly wider. So far as concerned the brain-capacity of the skull, there was no evidence of increase, and from the limited data at one's disposal one must infer that the people who occupied Western Europe at the close of the Ice Age stood distinctly above their successors of to-day in the matter of brain-size.

Until ten years ago he had been of the opinion that the evidence from England showed that modern man had ceased to evolve. A minute comparison of a series of ancient skulls and of skulls of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had convinced him that evolution was now at work on our bodies. The chief change was to be seen in the size and shape of the palate; the roof of the mouth tended to become reduced in size and narrower. The bony entrance to the nose showed alterations. It was getting narrower, and its lower margin was rising up so as to form a sharp bony sill.

The jaws were receding and the bony framework of the nose was becoming more prominent. The eye-sockets were changed in form; the lower margin or sill of the orbit tended to sink downward in the face, thus increasing the distance between the lower and upper margins of the orbit. The orbits were becoming narrower from side to side; the breadth across the upper part of the face was becoming less; the cheek-bones were losing their prominence, and there was a tendency for the face to grow narrower and longer.

These changes were confined to about thirty per cent of the modern population, but the evidence he had gathered pointed to an increasing frequency of these characters during recent centuries.

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ROYALTY AND SCIENCE

A RUMPUS — albeit a rumpus of the decorous scientific sort — has been

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stirred up in England by the news that the Prince of Wales has accepted the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is to hold its 1926 meeting in Oxford. The British Association is, as everybody knows, one of the most famous scientific organizations in the world, and the annual address of its President is always looked forward to as one of the important scientific pronouncements of the year. Almost invariably, therefore, the President has been a scientific man of great eminence.

Among the few exceptions have been the Prince's great-grandfather, Prince Albert, who presided over the Association on its Aberdeen meeting in 1859. At another Oxford meeting Lord Salisbury presided. However, these noblemen were not quite in the same position as the Prince of Wales. Prince Albert had some scientific pretensions, however mild. Lord Salisbury, assisted by Lord Rayleigh, actually did write and deliver a scientific lecture. The Prince of Wales, however, knows nothing of atoms and electrons, or fossils or insects, or anything of the sort, and pretends to know nothing.

Consequently, controversies rage between one school of scientific men who have a fine old crusty distaste for amateurs, and the other party which has a very British and very human liking for princes.

THE COOLIDGE PEDIGREE

THERE are some people in England who simply will not believe that President Coolidge's ancestors came over to England with William the Conqueror. Hence this from the *Manchester Guardian:*—

High heraldic authorities here do not seem to be impressed by the Paris story that after twelve years' labor Professor Guy Coolidge has discovered that one of President Coolidge's ancestors was among the knights of William the Conqueror, and that the American Coolidges came from the ancient family of Coolidge of Cambridgeshire, who were settled in England before the Conquest. 'You can count on your fingers the families of all the English-speaking countries of the world authentically descended from before the Conquest,' said the authority consulted. By 'authentically descended' he refers to those possessing genealogies supplied at great cost and labor by the Heralds' College, passed and signed by the official Board of Examiners there. The authority, after consulting the monster volume wherein are prototypes of all the legitimate armorial adornments, handed back the Coolidge coat of arms without comment.

It was pointed out to him that Professor Coolidge had traced the evolution of the name from the reign of Edward I, when William de Coulinge appeared in the rolls as a Cambridgeshire landowner. He promised to look up the matter, but remarked with dignity, 'Here we cannot serve over the counter.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Fragment of a Novel, written by Jane Austen (January to March 1817). Now first printed from the Manuscript. London & New York: Oxford University Press, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Augustine Birrell in the *New Statesman*]

A *Fragment of a Novel* (*Sanditon*), though in no sense juvenile, is not in the least joyful; and though highly provocative of laughter, the merriment is not the laughter of either Pickwick or Gargantua.

To the lovers of Jane Austen, now to be found scattered all over the English-reading world, the laughter this *Fragment* must provoke, and the admiration it cannot fail to excite by the pungency of a familiar wit, and the inimitable happiness of its phraseology, will be found to lie too near to the fountain of tears to make the reading of it a cheerful pastime. Melancholy must of necessity brood over its handful of pages. Yet we are glad it has been printed as it has been.

Those of us who are old enough to recall the appearance in 1871 of Mr. Austen Leigh's *Memoir* of his aunt (we procured our copy two years later in exchange for twenty-one pennies) will not need to be reminded that it contained, after the admirable Memoir, not only 'Lady Susan' and 'The Watsons,' but a sketch extending over nineteen pages, of the dramatis personæ of this very *Fragment of a Novel*, with copious quotations from the manuscript itself.

It could never be easy to give a description of a *Fragment*, proceeding from the pen or pencil of such a writer as Jane Austen; and copious as the quotations were, Mr. Austen Leigh failed, or seemed to us in 1871 to fail, in presenting any true impression of the manuscript that in his judgment could not in its entirety be given to the public. He should, we think, have printed it as it was written, or left it altogether alone. We have now the *Fragment* as it fell from the lap of the dying woman.

The editor is to be greatly commended for the taste that dictated to him the propriety of printing the author's manuscript 'as nearly as possible in the last form it attained.' 'It may,' so he writes, 'be thought pedantic to reproduce irregularities which the author would not have wished to retain, but it seemed more important to avoid another danger. To have smoothed out the manuscript into a specious semblance of finality would have been to prejudice in some degree the question how far it did in fact represent the author's final intention. This edition, printed as it is, is open to no such objection. It is, for critical purposes, virtually a facsimile of all that Miss Austen wrote and did not erase.

Reading this *Fragment*, thus reprinted, cannot but have a solemnizing effect, despite the triviality of its incidents. The misspellings, the strange contractions, the capital letters, the odd way of writing people's ages, 'Miss Diana P. was about 4 & 30,' and many other quaintnesses, all produce the true effect — namely, that we are handling not merely a *Fragment*, but the rough draft of one.

None the less, it is the rough draft of a *Fragment* from the hand that wrote *Emma*. With the fate of Mr. Austen Leigh in 1871 before us, we will make no attempt to describe the dramatis personæ of *Sanditon*, or to give extracts from it; enough to say that, tiny as it is, it is full of inimitable wit, and here and there fills the reader's mind full to overflowing with that divine glow of complete satisfaction so rarely bestowed upon the members of that long-suffering but still enduring tribe.

Queer Fish, by John C. Goodwin. London: Hutchinson, 1925. 18*s.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Most people go through life seeing very little that lies right before them; but it is the special function of the journalist to have eyes for everything, both in the daylight and in the dark. However 'queer' the catch, all is fish that comes to his net; and the wider the net is cast the more competent the fisherman. Mr. John C. Goodwin, for example, has a fine catholicity of sympathy, and his book is packed with the raw material of human life. 'By tramping London's streets,' to use his own words, 'her open spaces, her wharves, her alleys, and the haunts of strange men; by hurrying with the hurriers and loafing with the loafers, by talking with the good, the not so good, and the good for nothing,' he has gathered a very various harvest of understanding and interpretation. His eye is keen, his heart is generous, and he writes uncommonly well. So well, indeed, that every now and then he seems to be on the point of diving into the golden waters of pure literature; and then some desolating phrase, like 'to ascertain my wishes in matters alcoholic,' or 'Lordy, how time flies,' suddenly bumps the imagination once more

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against the solid timbers of the commonplace. None the less, this is a comprehensive and a human-hearted book, the fruit of inexhaustible observation and a quick and sensitive insight.

Mr. Goodwin has much to say about the shady side of life, but he lights it up with a wise judgment. 'Suburban matrons,' he remarks, 'gasp with horror at the mention of the word "criminal"; but the husbands and sons of many of these virtuous females are not beyond reproach. The line of demarcation between a crime and what they gloss over as "a good stroke of business" has often to be looked for with a microscope.' Our author has conversed with cracksmen and learned the secret of their trade. He knows almost as much as Scotland Yard about the way to plunder a safe.

Mr. Goodwin has a wonderful 'flair' for the behavior of a crowd. On Epsom Downs, on Hampstead Heath, in the crowded cabarets and dance-halls, or in a railway carriage, he takes in at once every detail of the scene. He notices what most men miss. He sees the tired judge at the Old Bailey watching with curious eyes the gradual lighting up of the electric lamps; he fixes the features of a 'highbrow' lecture indelibly upon the page. He has both humor and horror at the point of his pen, and he can glide from one to the other with the ease of an acrobat. In short, he is an accomplished journalist, with all the art of his calling in full flower. His work is actual, vivid, and impressive.

Anatole France à La Bèchellerie, by Marcel Le Goff. Paris: Editions Le Delteil, 1925. 7 *fr.* 50 *c.*

[*Morning Post*]

M. Le Goff met Anatole France at La Bèchellerie, his property near Tours, shortly after the outbreak of the war, and formed an intimate friendship with him which lasted till the death of the *Maître.* It is a singularly vivid and engaging picture which M. Le Goff, following the examples of M. Gsell and M. Brousson, gives of the writer. Anatole France was amazingly affable and approachable. He apparently was at home to all the world, and so we have a succession of visitors — men of letters, politicians, pretty women, anarchists, journalists, and swarms of American generals who were dumped down at Tours when President Wilson had made up his mind to fight. To all and sundry the great man was gracious and, behind his white beard, politely ironical. If he was bored, he concealed it, and his malice was as pleasant in his talk as it is in his books. He of course laughed at them all, particularly at the American generals — whom to his astonishment, he says, he found even more stupid than those of his own country.

Anatole France was as brilliant a talker as Wilde. He loved to talk, and M. Le Goff has treasured some of the limpid treasures which flowed in such generous cascades from those smiling lips. Epigrams scintillate throughout the book. 'Russia knows only the government of the knout.' He had a profound contempt for the Republic and, as might be expected from the author of *Les dieux ont soif,* for the Revolution from which it emanated. One of his favorite jokes was to reply to the repeated query, 'Are you a Republican?' with 'Do you take me for an idiot?' He would say that General Joffre first heard of the victory of the Marne in the pages of the *Petit Parisien.* There is something very characteristic in the fine sentence: '*La faillite de la France n'est pas à envisager pour le moment. Un pays si riche et si beau ne peut mourir que lentement.*' Rousseau he described as 'a vicious lackey.' It was clear that he had no understanding of and little sympathy with any country except his own. Great Britain, Russia, the United States, and Germany all came under the lash of his caustic tongue. His love of Racine, as might be expected, was perpetually being expressed. After Racine came André Chénier. He could not tolerate Romain Rolland. He was not too severe on the politicians, and seems to have had a certain respect and liking for M. Poincaré and M. Barthou. He feared rather than respected M. Clemenceau, particularly when he was Premier, and sent his friend, Mr. Robert Dell, about his business. His love and admiration for women were constantly being expressed. As a young man the *Maître* had a preference for shop-girls. M. Le Goff mentions a mysterious Countess who came now and then to La Bèchellerie. For Madame France he had obviously a great liking, but even she was not spared.

It is clear from this book that Anatole France had fears — probably groundless — for his own safety during the war. He was cautious in the extreme in the expression of his opinions, and he had a profound dread of the tyranny of democracies, contrasting the severe treatment meted out to certain dissidents during the struggle with the freedom accorded to Voltaire, the friend of Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War. He was, of course, profoundly pessimistic concerning the war, its results, and the peace which followed from it. Anatole France, indeed, had no faith in man or in his political institutions.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Zweig, Stefan. *Der Kamf mit dem Dämon.* Vienna: Insel Verlag, 1925.

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BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

By RUSTICUS

"I sit on the paddock fence and smoke my pipe. I watch the sun sink low behind the woodland to the west. Up from the ploughed land comes the Field Marshal with his host. When I first see him he has them in extended order; as he comes to more difficult terrain, he skillfully manoeuvres them into a column of fours and passes me in perfect array. I drop to my feet and come to a rigid salute. He passes the reviewing stand with glittering eye and haughty step. I notice that on the return into familiar country he is at the head of the column. And what a picture he makes! Here is a bird, methinks, who never has had and never will have an 'inferiority complex.'"

From **BLESSED BE THE HEN**

"Since then, with what I have I live content. A dog, a horse, a cow, a pig or two, some fowl, and rabbits for full measure; with these I need not traffic or exchange; no trading this for that, no buying cheap and selling dear, no asking more than what I think is right. An empty life, you cry. Mayhap for you, but not for me. It is a life so full that half cannot be done.

And then, beside all these, a tiny house, well filled with kindred souls. Of these no words can tell, and it is well, for there are things of which no man may speak.

But in the garden that enshrines the house one may, with proper reverence, rejoice. For here the very essence of it all distills; here is the sign, the token of it all."

From **BLESSED BE THE GARDEN**

READERS of the *Atlantic Monthly* who chuckled over the quaint humor of *Blessed Be the Pig* and *Blessed Be the Horse* may now enjoy a number of equally amusing essays by Rusticus, most genial of country gentlemen. A gift book that is sure to be appreciated by a delightful hostess or for anyone who enjoys life in the country.

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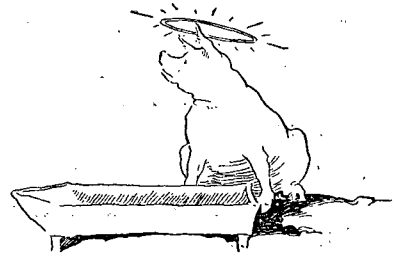

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK SHOP

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A strange reversal of procedure whereby actor reviews audience;

* * *

A prod at our colleges; a discussion of why men disagree;

The revelation of technique by a master writer;

* * *

Chats about books, and authors and other people;

Consideration of the art of mural decoration and its development in the United States;

* * *

Interesting and timely information and prediction as to the financial situation;

A sympathetic study of the human element in industry;

A fishing trip by a politician —

* * *

All that

In one Magazine

And that the May Scribner's Magazine.

The authors who contribute these articles follow.

Can you fit each writer to his subject?

* * *

William Lyon Phelps, Roland Young, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Edward G. Spaulding, Albert Guérard, Ruth Steele Brooks, Alexander Dana Noyes, Edith Wharton, Royal Cortissoz, Theodore Roosevelt, Olive A. Colton.

* * *

If you can't, this page next week will solve the problem for you.

But, if you have been following our previous announcements, the answer to this puzzle should be quite simple;

* * *

And, to another one, too:

That always persistent problem "What Magazine Shall I Read?"

The answer is implicit.

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